

The Listener

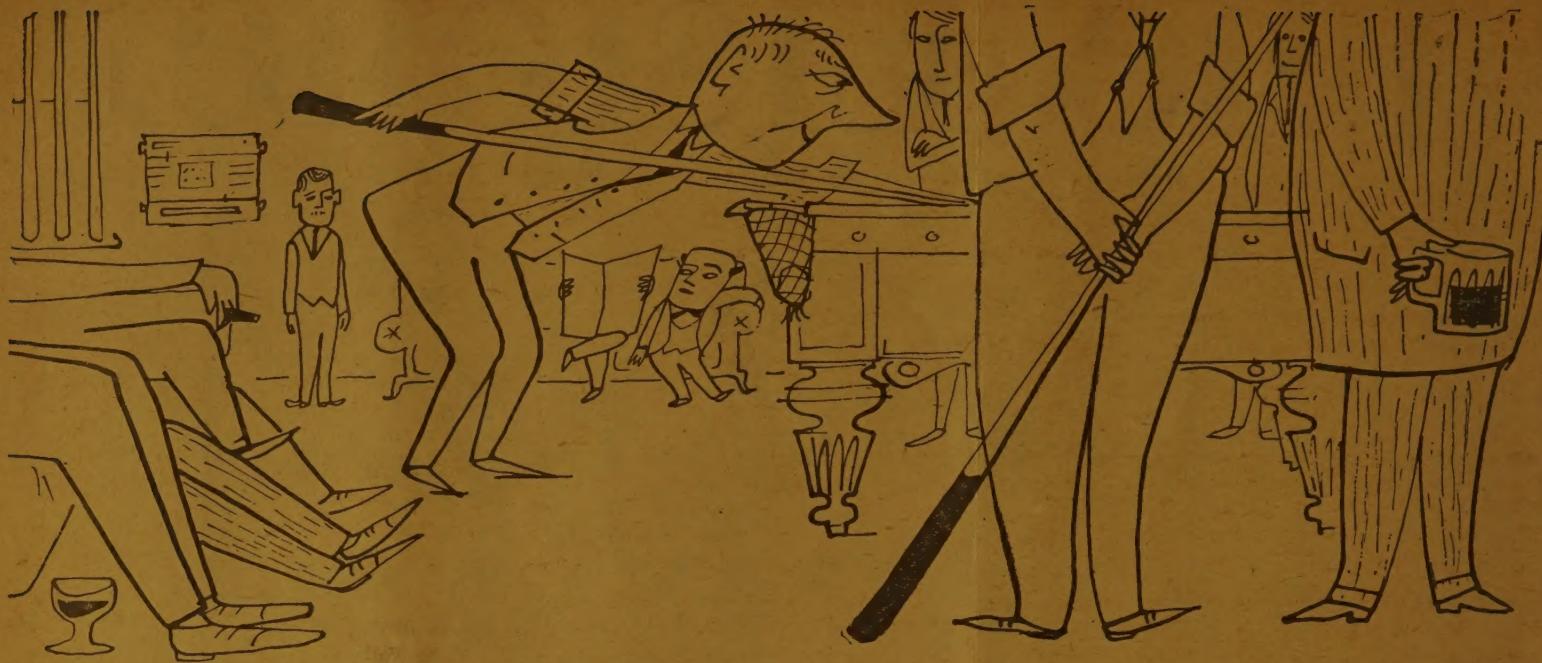
Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



'Lazarus and the Sisters III': sculpture in aluminium by F. E. McWilliam from the exhibition of his work at the Hanover Gallery, London (see page 256)

In this number:

- The Crux of the Chinese Revolution (Desmond Donnelly, M.P.)
- The American Conception of Innocence (Eugene J. McCarthy)
- They Stayed in Bed (Cecil Woodham-Smith)



the things they say!



I.C.I. spent more than 30 million quid last year on new plants. That's what I like to see — big ideas being put over in a big way!

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The Listener

Vol. LV. No. 1407

Thursday February 16 1956

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

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Tradition Faces the Challenge

A proposal for a new learning, by ALEC PETERSON

EVERYONE seems to have woken up in the last few weeks to the fact that this country needs more scientists and technicians. If we are to prosper in the sense of raising our standard of living—if, perhaps, we are to survive at all—we must rely on our natural resources (which are now matched all over the world), not on our overseas investments (which are now gone), not on our accumulated capital equipment (which is largely out of date), not on our productive and our industrial skill and on our daily work. We must live by our wits and by the sweat of our brows. And that means the wits of trained scientists and technicians. Add to all this the fact that we are not keeping up with other countries in training them, and you have a situation which has set the educational world by the ears. Because it is a problem of education. The scope for the scientist and technician is there, and there are enough able boys and girls to meet the demand. But too few of them are being trained in the right way.

Why is this, and what are we going to do about it? What I hope we are not going to do is to evade the real problem, either by taking an 'ivory-tower' attitude about education, or on the other hand by getting into a panic and throwing overboard all our traditional humanist values. Disciplines of study derived from these values have made it possible to educate boys and girls as cultured, intelligent people, trained in certain types of reasoning and in morals, capable of tackling problems in different spheres of life—political, say, or administrative. They still are. But I think we need more than that today. What I mean by the 'ivory-tower' attitude in fact is the belief, which one meets among

some teachers, that exactly the same traditional education as was conceived before the scientific age is still, as it stands, as good an education for the needs of today as it was then. Heaven forfend, some of them say, that our best pupils, with their sensitive appreciation of literature and morals, of art and history, and all that has made civilisation worth having, should be turned into dreary scientists with one-track minds, peering for ever into test tubes in the interests of industry or of competitive coexistence.

I think myself that this extreme view is a false view both of science and of education. Our aim, educationally, is to train people in reasoning—true enough; but we have to accept the fact that the problems about which the new generation must be able to reason are increasingly problems of a scientific type. As long as the problems which the average Englishman had to tackle were mainly political, legal, or administrative, he did not necessarily have to have any understanding of science. Now that we are living on our wits and on our sweat, it is often essential. But I do not believe that this new situation means that we must throw overboard the whole of our traditional humanist education. No, we should enrich it rather by taking on board more science.

What is more, I believe this change should be made not simply in the interests of industry or of the nation or some abstraction like that but for the good of the pupils themselves. Too many of them are now receiving a higher education that is not really designed for the life that they are going to lead or the world that they are going to live in; and there is no class of people so unhappy or frustrated as those who have had an elaborate education which does not fit them

for their world. It is significant, perhaps, that already a new type of displaced person is appearing in fiction: the arts graduate with third-class honours from a provincial university for whom society appears to provide no satisfying job. The novels of Kingsley Amis and John Wain may be as much a symptom of educational unbalance as is the shortage of science teachers. I think there is a false assumption at the root of this problem—the assumption that everyone educated in science must be a science specialist. In fact this idea springs not from any reasonable educational theory but from what actually happens, as the result of a series of accidents, in English schools today.

The Moment of Choice

What happens, in almost all our secondary schools, is that a boy or girl has to choose very young whether he or she will study nothing but science or nothing but arts: the requirements of scholarships and the university faculties impose this choice. If a boy is at all clever he usually has to make it before he is fifteen; and, once made, it is rarely reversed. In this choice there are still traces of a bias towards the arts side—I feel sure of this myself, whatever people may say to the contrary. The way this bias operates bears a good deal on the solution I am going to suggest, so I want to describe it, though it takes me a little way into the administration of education. The bias operates, first, because science teaching, with its equipment and special laboratories, is more expensive than arts teaching; second, because in the independent schools' system science is hardly taught at all in prep. schools and scholarship winners are strongly biased in favour of the arts; third, because many cultured parents and headmasters, who were themselves educated under the old system—as I was—find it hard to imagine their sons or their best pupils on the science side, as science sides are conducted today; and fourth—and this arises out of the whole present position—the bias operates against science because of the shortage of good science teachers in the schools. Naturally, not all these factors operate in every school, but some of them do in most cases and most particularly on the cleverest boys.

But once a boy has entered the science side at school and starts on a course of education which is to lead him to the science faculty of the universities, what happens? The shortage of places means very stiff competition for entry and he finds he has to give almost all his time to scientific studies in order to gain one. If he does, he is worked extremely hard at the university in a specialised field of study with the prospect of original research and increase of scientific knowledge as his goal. No wonder that, when he finally graduates, he is rarely interested in teaching, or, indeed, in anything but in further scientific research.

No one could pretend that this system is working well. But shall we improve it by simply expanding the number of science places at universities and removing the factors which discourage boys and girls from choosing the science side at school? I do not think so. The Russians may be able to compel their students to become scientists. But in our society we want to preserve freedom of choice to study and, what is more, we want our scientists to be more than one-sided specialists. In a democracy, the man whose education has been rigidly limited from the age of fifteen onwards may be dangerous just because he is limited; and all the more dangerous if he is the only person who has scientific qualifications. Apart from that, we feel that he has been deprived of the chance to develop as a whole man. That is why we are hearing at the same time the demand for more scientists and the demand for less concentrated specialisation in science. Yet I believe that, far from contradicting each other, these two demands point in the same direction.

Training Better Scientists

For the solution surely lies in re-casting our ideas about this division in our education so that an understanding of scientific method becomes as much a universal discipline as an understanding of language. This means a radical change in our thinking, but if we accept it I believe that we shall get not only more scientists but less specialisation in science and therefore—curiously enough—better scientists. I suggest that instead of making science an alternative to the traditional framework, we should invite it in and let the scientific method contribute its disciplines on an equality with the other traditional ones. For it is important that the change is made within this framework. My own experience with senior schoolboys makes me think that it is just as necessary to prevent the arts student from growing up a 'scientific illiterate' as it is to broaden the education of the scientist. You will not get this result by giving the

classical sixth a course of woolly lectures on the philosophy of science or the science sixth two periods of cultural English. Each has to do some solid work in the other's field. Some schoolmasters will tell you that there is not time, but I do not believe it. Scottish universities require every embryo scientist to do an advanced paper in English literature. It is simply a question of the degree of specialised knowledge which the universities demand from the schools.

If this solution is to work, therefore, the universities must be prepared to educate not only the pure scientist, whose goal is further research in a limited field, but the philosopher, the economist, the historian, or the geographer, with a scientific background. The finest university course ever devised in the purely humanist tradition has probably been Greats at Oxford. This consists of two halves: ancient history (which has been preceded by an intensive study of the Greek and Latin languages) and philosophy. Can we not now devise a new Greats in which one half would be devoted to one of the sciences—physics or biology suggests themselves, but it might be chemistry within ten years—and the other half to philosophy, economics, or history? And would this not also benefit from a preliminary study of languages and literature—either ancient or modern? In fact a scheme of this kind was actually proposed before the Senate at Cambridge last week. I feel sure that many schools would welcome it with open arms: for it would mean that the boy proposing to read this 'Science Greats' would no longer have to specialise at school in a watertight science or arts compartment. I have found myself that the combination of botany, zoology, and English literature make an admirable advanced programme for a boy interested in psychology, and I see no reason why physics should not be studied along with history or the classical or modern languages.

Key to the Whole Question

A reform of this kind would attract more brilliant boys to science because they would not be compelled—as they now are—to abandon the arts entirely at the age of fifteen. But it would do more than this: it would provide the right education for the future administrator who cannot afford in these days to be ignorant of scientific method. Above all, it would provide the right education for the future science teacher. After all, he is the key to the whole question: it is idle to talk of producing enough scientists unless we get enough science teachers and what is more, unless we get again science teachers of all-round capacity and interest who can hold their own—as they often do not now—with some of the brilliant and stimulating teachers on the arts side.

I have never believed that the present shortage of science teachers was entirely due to the bigger money offered by industry. I think it is due as much or more to the fact that science teaching at the universities is now directed so exclusively to scientific research and leaves so little time for the human contacts which appeal to the teacher. This new Science Greats might produce the great teachers of science as the ancient Greats produced the great teachers of classics.

I am afraid I have talked a lot of academic 'shop' but this is not just an academic matter. It affects everyone and it is urgent. Since the war, Russia has made a tremendous spurt in the race for scientific and technological leadership. This race is being watched critically by the uncommitted nations of Asia and Africa, and what they are watching whether we like it or not, is material results. I believe myself that it is a race which we can still win without abandoning the humanist side of our education. It is certainly a race which we cannot afford to lose—not because this swarming ant-hill of technicians is necessarily going to devote its output to the arts of war but because, if the communist world succeeds in increasing material prosperity while we remain static, then we shall lose the battle of peaceful coexistence: the uncommitted world will be convinced that to choose freedom is to choose poverty; the materialists within our own ranks will go over to the side of the victors and we shall lose, without a fight, those Christian or humanist values for which we have been protesting our willingness, in the last resort, to die.—*Home Service*

We regret that owing to a dispute in the printing trade we have again had to reduce the size of THE LISTENER, and there may be some delay in its delivery this week

The Crux of the Chinese Revolution

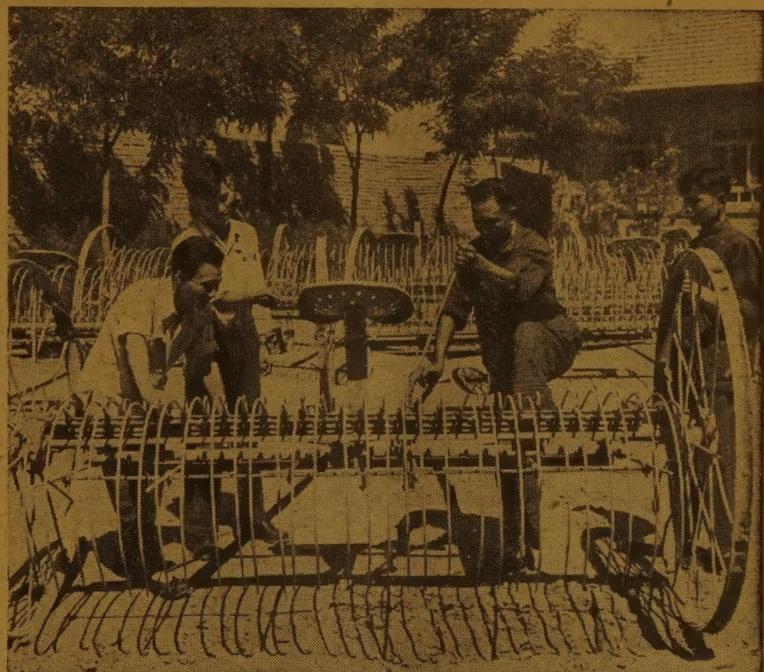
DESMOND DONNELLY, M.P., on the collectivisation of agriculture

I AM going to tell you about the most important decision since the war. At least, that is how an American friend of mine saw it when we were discussing Communist China's decision to collectivise the whole of her vast rural economy at breakneck speed. This decision will completely alter the lives of 582,000,000 human beings, and on it depends the future of the Chinese Communist revolution.

The decision was first announced a few weeks ago by Mr. Mao Tse-tung, in one of the most important speeches he has ever made. The actual speech, which was to a conference of provincial, city, and area secretaries of the Chinese Communist Party, was made as far back as July 31 last. But, for some reason, the Chinese did not release his speech to the public for several months, and then not until it had been adopted, *toto*, as a resolution by the Central Committee of the Communist Party of China.

Originally, Mr. Mao announced that the great collective farming drive would have to be carried out by 1960. That was dramatic enough because nothing like it has ever been attempted on the same scale before. The drive against the kulaks by Stalin took several years longer, and though it nearly brought the Soviet regime to its knees in the nineteen-thirties it involved less than one-third the number of people. Mr. Mao Tse-tung has since said that he hopes to complete the whole task in 1956, for they have progressed so fast already. Why this sudden haste? How is it all going to be done? And, anyway, what is its significance as far as the communist revolution in China is concerned?

Let me begin with the last point. The Chinese communist revolution differs from all others because it was a rural revolution in the first place. After the brief period of terror in 1927, when General Chiang Kai-shek annihilated his communist allies in the Government, the Chinese Communist Party became a party of land reform under the leadership of Mr. Mao Tse-tung, who was then a refugee from the fallen Hankow



Testing a horse-drawn grass-cutter at the Sian farm tools institute in Shensi Province

Government. Mr. Mao, himself, the son of a peasant, and an indigenous product of rural China, had stated very forcibly that there would be no communist revolution in China unless it was a rural revolution.

At that time, the average holding of the Chinese peasant was something like one-ninth of an acre. On that minute area, a man depended for his foothold on life. The vicissitudes of nature, flood and drought, meant that the foothold often became too narrow for thousands at a time—and thousands perished. Side by side with the extreme poverty of the Chinese peasants dwelt landlords, often with relatively great riches and feudal powers of life and death. It was natural that an all-out attack on them, and a decision to divide up the land amongst everyone else, would capture support in China's endless villages. With this trump card the Communists carried all before them in the countryside in their great advance southwards after this last war. City after city was isolated and compelled to surrender. General Chiang Kai-shek fought a rear-guard action for the dispossessed landlords, who were reinstated by him whenever he managed a successful counter-attack.

The effect of all this was that when General Chiang Kai-shek was finally driven from the mainland, land reform had created more than 500,000,000 shareholders, with a vested interest in preventing the Kuomintang's return; and with a vested interest in the retention of the Communist Government.

The significance of the new development which I am discussing is that this, the second stage of the communist revolution, is the taking back of the independence that was given to the peasants by the Communists. In his speech last July, which took such a long time to be released, Mr. Mao made it clear why the collectivisation had to take place. The effects of the original land reform were beginning to wear off. After all, five or six years have gone by. Some peasants had done much better than others and had enlarged their holdings. Some were back in the hands of the money-lenders. In fact, the old pattern was beginning to assert itself again. This is what Mr. Mao said about it: 'The essence is the struggle between two roads—either to develop socialism or to develop capitalism'. He also added, rightly: 'The first revolution was a bourgeois revolution'.

The new development has followed a prolonged debate within the Chinese Communist Party itself, and this is why Mr. Mao's speech had to be adopted formally as a resolution before it could be released



Rails produced in the heavy rolling mill of the Anshan iron and steel works in southern Manchuria

to the public. Some elements in the communist hierarchy have been in favour of accepting the present position of private land-holding and of dropping the idea of collectivisation, although it was in the original programme. In fact, they were for consolidation. These people were severely castigated by the left wing of the party for wanting to revert to a capitalist system. Others argued unsuccessfully for slower progress. The eventual announcement represents a great victory for the left wing of the party.

In their struggle the left have been helped by three factors. First, as I have said, the old land pattern was beginning to re-emerge. As collectivisation was in the original programme, the communists had to go forward, if they were not to go back to the old way of things. Secondly, the pressures of growing population made a great agricultural drive imperative if the regime was not to be faced with large-scale famine. I know that true believers in Marxist-Leninism admit no Malthusian



A wall newspaper in Honan Province: the agrarian reform law is being written out for villagers to read

deviation; but nevertheless they must face the facts of life if millions are to avoid death by famine. The aim, therefore, is to increase food production as fast as possible by greater capital investment in agriculture. This is extremely difficult to do if you still have to work through millions of tiny patches. Finally, the left was able to say that China has now begun her industrial revolution. The first five-year plan is nearly over. In it, 157 great industrial projects, like the new Anshan steel plant, and motor-car and tractor assembly plants, have been started. The second five-year plan is being planned now. It is to come into operation later this year. All the industrial ventures have to be paid for, apart from a few much-vaunted examples of Soviet aid, and this can be done only by exports of food to industrialised communist countries, such as east Germany and Czechoslovakia, who are supplying most of the plant.

The collectivisation drive itself—because things are happening quickly in rural China—is being done in three stages. First, there has been large-scale organisation of mutual-aid teams. This is to show people the advantages of collective association. It is group working by peasants helping each other at special times, such as harvest and ploughing. The success of these mutual-aid teams is the real reason for the latest announcement by Mr. Mao that 70,000,000 of China's 110,000,000 peasant families have already joined co-operative or collective associations, most of them since the summer, and therefore there must be a final drive to get all the rest in by the end of this year. The plan is for mutual-aid teams to be followed by teams of actual organisers who will set up the collective farms. This organising is to be done by party cadres, the dedicated élite of the Communist Party, and the League of Youth branches. Detailed sets of rules have been issued. A certain amount of compensation is to be paid for private

land, draught animals, and farm tools. A study of the instructions now appearing in the Peking press makes fascinating reading. I see it in the New China Agency bulletins printed in English.

Peasants are being allowed to keep very small plots to grow vegetables. In some cases the animals and tools may only be hired from the owners by the collective-farm committees until the collective farm has enough money in the bank to buy them outright. The disposal of private fishponds and groves of trees—a most important matter—is the subject of another set of instructions. These are being classified into two sections; those that are better run collectively and those that are better left in private hands. Peasant families who have only one tree are to be left to enjoy its fruit, unless there is a very special reason for collective ownership. The third stage of the drive, and this has yet to begin on any scale, will be to consolidate and to increase the efficiency of the newly established collective farms. Two, and sometimes three, visits a year will be paid to them. Accounts will be examined and committees reorganised where necessary. Production is supposed to be the yardstick by which every venture goes.

One more point about the mechanics. Backing the collectivisation campaign and really making it possible is the phenomenon of communist China, the wall newspaper. In every street, village, unit of work, on railway stations, practically everywhere where people gather together is a wall newspaper. Sometimes, in the towns, it is printed, but usually a blackboard serves the purpose. Each one of these wall newspapers is the responsibility of one person. It is his job to see that its message goes up. He also reads it aloud to people who cannot read. Every 'editor' is linked with the central Government, from whom he gets his news, sometimes by hand, more often by radio. By this means you can see that it is possible for a person at the centre to get a message into every village and street within a very short time. It makes many things possible, including the transformation of rural China. The climax of the whole campaign will be reached in the autumn when the Chinese Communist Party holds its full congress, the first to take place since the revolution.

Is all this going to succeed? As I have said, in Russia the drive against the Kulaks nearly brought Stalin's Government to its knees twenty years ago. That is true. But the Chinese communists have made no secret that they mean to learn from Russian mistakes. Also China is not Russia. The Kulak who fought so tenaciously was a big farmer. His unit of work was economic. But even with land reform the average holding of the Chinese peasant is pitifully small, about one-third of an acre. He is much more likely to be attracted by collectivisation and, through it, to greater production. Against this there are many natural and long-established traditions. The desire of a man to have his own plot of land is very deep in all of us. What is more, is it not true that rural communities are the most conservative you will find in any country; as every other communist government has found to its cost. So far as China is concerned all that I can say at this stage is 'Do not underestimate the competence of the Communist Government'. We know they are off to a successful start in their vital venture. They know that the future of communism in Asia depends on it. That is why my American friend called it the most important decision since the war. The Chinese revolution that has changed the government of nearly one-quarter of mankind rolls on into its second stage.—*Home Service*

From the quality of most of the 200-odd photographs (half a dozen of them in colour) which make up *India*, by Richard Lannoy (Thames and Hudson, 42s.), few would suspect the formidable difficulties of the subject upon which Mr. Lannoy, a young New Zealander, has adventured with his camera. Not all the problems are the technical ones concerned with heat and light and dust. Others are illustrated by the picture of 'members of the beggar colony, Madras, ordering the photographer to leave', and yet more arise from the tendency of friendly and curious folk in India to embrace rather than dismiss the photographer. With what patience, skill, and sympathy Mr. Lannoy has surmounted these can only be guessed, but surmounted them he has, so that his pictures take us into the very heart of a scene where people laugh and work, wash their clothes and worship, scribble on walls and feed their families, or even fall into a trance or a fight, as if they were unobserved. The candour and beauty of the studies of life in countryside and town remind one that most camera-collections of India have concentrated on sculptural and architectural marvels and almost ignored its populousness; and the few such 'sights' which Mr. Lannoy adds do not always make the connection which he intends with the life of an Indian day. His preface and notes, however, are those of a photographer who has lived with his subjects, learned from them, and loved it all.

Dealing with Inflation

By SIR OLIVER FRANKS

ON many days in the past few weeks the newspapers have contained accounts of the annual statement by the chairman of one or other of the large joint-stock banks. I want to tell you what was in my mind when I wrote mine. I thought, and so did the other bank chairmen, that the chief problem of 1955 was inflation; and it continues to be so in 1956. Most of the other bank chairmen argued forcibly that we cannot hope to cure inflation unless the Government cuts down its spending, and I would not dispute that that is part of the answer. All the same, I thought it useful in my own statement to lay special stress on something else. You have all heard it said that inflation means too much money chasing too few goods. But what do we mean by money? Currency notes and coins in the pocket? In a modern economy that is only a relatively small part of the money we use. Nearly all payments of any size are made by drawing cheques on bank accounts. So it is really bank deposits which are the most important form of money nowadays; the people of this country have more than four times as much money in the banks as they hold in the form of notes and coin.

This is the important thing; it follows that if you say there is too much money chasing goods, this is only another way of saying that there is too much money in the banks, that bank deposits are too high. How has that come about? The explanation is rather technical; but what it comes down to is that when the Government has wanted to borrow money it has done too much of its borrowing, in my view, by issuing Treasury bills to the banks, that is in effect government I.O.U.s of three months' duration. In the old days, if a government could not raise enough money from taxation, and from borrowing the genuine savings of the people, it would print more notes and use these to pay its way. Today, it issues more Treasury bills and gets its money from the banks. That is the modern equiva-

lent of the printing press and it is just as inflationary as the old way.

In my view, therefore, one of the things that is needed is a reduction in bank deposits. We have already made some progress: thanks in part to the credit squeeze, bank deposits are considerably lower today than they were a year ago. But we are not home yet. However, I hope that the various plans the Government is making will include new measures to make real saving attractive and persuade people to lock up in government securities some of the surplus money they have in their bank accounts. Surplus! I mean the extra money that cannot be spent without making inflation worse. I am encouraged to think this will happen because of what the Chancellor of the Exchequer said the other day. 'Whatever else we do', said Mr. Macmillan, 'we must slow down the printing presses'. That is very much what I was urging in my annual statement.

Two thoughts strike me about all this. The first is that while dealing with our inflation is difficult, and tiresome, the problem it presents is moderate in size. Our national income is something like £15,000,000,000 a year. I suppose that if we reduced our spending, the spending of all of us, by £1,000,000 a day, £366,000,000 this leap year, we should have the measure of our problem. This means reducing an excessive home demand by just two or three per cent: difficult, thoroughly unpleasant, but manageable.

My second thought is that we must succeed. We pride ourselves, and rightly, on being a free society. Both our great political parties believe in freedom, freedom to choose and freedom from want. It is these freedoms that are at stake in the effort to master inflation. We cannot combine them with failure to earn our living in the world. Let us have no talk of making sacrifices. Dealing with inflation is a matter for sheer common sense, that simple self-interest which grasps that we have to live tomorrow as well as today.—'At Home and Abroad'

The Dead Sea Scrolls

By JOHN ALLEGRO

ANOTHER of the Dead Sea scrolls was recently unrolled at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. Apparently it contains stories from the Book of Genesis elaborated in a more colourful style and containing some notable additions and alterations. It is the last of the seven scrolls found nine years ago by a Bedouin shepherd lad, Mohamed, when searching for a lost goat in the cliffs near Jericho. This particular scroll, in company with three of its fellows, eventually found its way to America in the hands of a Syrian priest, who allowed scholars to start work immediately on their publication. Three were completed with commendable speed and accuracy by the Americans. But this last scroll was in such a decayed condition that the difficult task of unrolling it could not then be tackled.

Meanwhile, Mohamed and his friends had set to work to scour the whole of the Dead Sea region accessible to them for more scroll caves. They were remarkably successful. For it appears that the intensely hot and dry climate of this region, some hundreds of feet below sea level, is well suited to the preservation of ancient manuscripts. Today, instead of having a mere seven complete or partially complete scrolls, we have the remains of some 400. These are mostly in fragments, however, and to piece them together into their original documents involves a jigsaw puzzle in technique on a massive scale.

In the beautiful Rockefeller Museum in Arab Jerusalem there has been called together an international and inter-denominational team of eight scholars to work on these scroll fragments from other caves. In particular, seven of us are working on the contents of one artificially hollowed-out chamber discovered by the Bedouin in 1952, which has yielded tens of thousands of leather and papyrus fragments. We came from France, Germany, Poland, and the United States, as well as

Great Britain, and after an initial period of a year or two on the actual manuscripts we returned to our homes, taking with us infra-red photographs of the originals in our section of the work, so that, as far as our other commitments allow, the work of preparation may continue, unchecked. As often as time and finances allow we return to Jerusalem to check our readings against the scrolls themselves and to study fragments bought since our last visit. For practically the whole of this material has had to be bought back from the Bedouin. So far it has cost nearly £30,000, and we cannot yet be sure that the fruits of all these miraculous discoveries are yet in our hands.

This scroll which has recently been opened in Israel will certainly contribute greatly to our understanding of the literary background of the Jewish Sect who owned this fabulous library. When the announcement of the 1947 discovery was first made attention was focused mainly on the Biblical documents found in the first cave, since they proved to be copies of the Book of Isaiah older by something like a thousand years than any comparable Hebrew manuscript of the Old Testament. Biblical fragments found in the other caves are proving even more exciting, for they witness to a state of affairs when variant texts of Scripture can be current at the same time, so that a pious Jew of Jesus' day could use any one from a number of differing text traditions.

Interest in the scrolls is likely to be drawn more and more to the light they are shedding on Christian origins. Much work still requires to be done on the evidence, but indications are that these pre-Christian documents are leading us into a world of sectarian Judaism which shows remarkable correspondences with the writings, doctrines, and Messianic expectations of the early Church.

—From 'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage): £1 4s. sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas 1½d.; Canada, 1d. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents.

G. M. Trevelyan, O.M.

TODAY three speakers are paying tribute to Dr. George Macaulay Trevelyan on the occasion of his eightieth birthday. All lovers of good history and literature will join in the tribute to this distinguished and modest scholar, whose work has given so much pleasure, alike to the general reading public, to students, and in schools. Today's speakers emphasise the fact that Dr. Trevelyan is really a poet writing history: that to him history is a part of English culture. His brother was a poet and one of his nephews is a painter. But history was in his blood, for he is the great-nephew of Lord Macaulay and the son of Sir George Otto Trevelyan, also a historian.

I have been not an original but a traditional kind of historian [writes George Macaulay Trevelyan in his autobiography]. The best that can be said of me is that I tried to keep up to date a family tradition as to the relation of history to literature, in a period when the current was running strongly in the other direction towards history exclusively 'scientific' . . .

He took as his motto a French proverb '*Bon chien chasse de race*'. Indeed it needed some strength of mind to resist the 'scientific' enthusiasm of his youthful days. Sir John Seeley was the Regius Professor at Cambridge when Trevelyan arrived there from Harrow. 'I was sent to see him at his house', Dr. Trevelyan relates, 'and the old man gave me, in a stern voice, a lecture on the theme that history was a science and had nothing to do with literature'. But he was not shaken from his family faith.

In politics Dr. Trevelyan showed himself to be a Liberal and in religion an anti-clerical; his youthful ardours were modified though not eradicated with the passage of years. The careful readers of his famous *History of England* can yet observe the obstreperous young Victorian radical addressing them. Like not a few of the radicals in history, however, Dr. Trevelyan was fortunate enough to be something of a wealthy aristocrat and, though he was always a quick worker, was able to write some of his early books free from the necessity of earning a living by teaching. It is indeed one of the disadvantages of the tutorial system at Cambridge and Oxford that few young teachers enjoy the leisure to write cultured masterpieces. Eventually, however, through another old Harrovian, Stanley Baldwin, he was offered the Regius Professorship at Cambridge and when he returned there in 1928 he devoted himself unstintingly to the duties of the Cambridge academic world.

But Dr. Trevelyan has done more than that. He proved himself to be the patron, the encourager, the constant friend of young historians and authors. No trouble was too big for him to undertake, no kindness too small to show. Many historians of two generations can testify to the unfailing consideration of this good and generous man. Apart from literature, Dr. Trevelyan's favourite hobby has always been walking, whether in Italy in the footsteps of Garibaldi, amid the Roman ruins of Northumberland, or across the Cromwellian flats of Cambridgeshire. And he has taught many a scholar that the wisest way of studying military history is to walk across the battlefields. Thus he has lived a full, happy, and useful life: his absorption in writing has never led him to neglect its humanities or responsibilities. We extend to him all our good wishes on his birthday.

It is proposed that a fund shall be established to support an annual series of historical lectures at Cambridge University bearing Dr. Trevelyan's name. Contributions may be sent to the Treasurer of the Trevelyan Fund, c/o Barclays Bank, Ltd., Cambridge.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on world affairs

IT WAS ANNOUNCED THAT the Soviet press, on February 12, published in full, but without comment, the prepared statement made by Burgess and Maclean in Moscow the previous afternoon. In Australia the former Soviet diplomat Mr. Petrov declared his conviction that the two men had made their statement under the direction of the Soviet authorities and that it had been issued for propaganda purposes. Mr. Petrov was quoted as asking if, as they claimed, they went to Russia to help the cause of peace, why the Soviet authorities did not reveal their whereabouts and state their reasons at the time. Among the points made by a number of western commentators were that, in view of the men's records, no one would be influenced by their propaganda statements; and that perhaps the main reason for their reappearance was to avoid embarrassing questions being put to the Soviet leaders during their forthcoming visit to Britain.

On the question of the Soviet leaders' visit to Britain, Moscow radio reported Sir Anthony Eden's statement in Ottawa that the invitation still stood. Another Moscow transmission stated:

The forthcoming trip of the leaders of the Soviet Union to Great Britain continues to remain in the centre of attention of British public opinion. The Soviet Embassy and Trade Delegation in Britain have received many letters from the municipal authorities of British towns, various public organisations, firms, and private individuals. The authors of these letters, many of which are addressed directly to the Chairman of the U.S.S.R. Council of Ministers, Bulganin, express profound satisfaction at the forthcoming visit to Britain of Bulganin and Khrushchev and contain the assurance that they will be given a cordial welcome.

Moscow broadcasts found in the decision at the London conference to grant independence to Malaya a further peg for their anti-colonial propaganda. Thus the Soviet people were told:

The talks resulted from the prolonged struggle of the Malayan people for their independence, a struggle particularly intensified in the recent past in connection with the upsurge of the national liberation movement throughout all colonial and dependent countries. The British Government was forced to agree in principle to granting independence to the Malayan Federation in August 1957.

According to a Moscow broadcast quoting *Pravda*, the passage in the Washington Declaration dealing with the success of Britain and the U.S. in guiding other nations to statehood was a falsification of history:

They seek to convey the idea that the colonial powers voluntarily granted independence to the peoples who were under their yoke. The whole of history testifies to the contrary . . . India and Burma achieved national independence as the result of a long and heroic struggle . . .

Another Moscow broadcast, contrasting U.S. aid to under-developed countries with the aid which the U.S.S.R. offered, and which carried no conditions incompatible with their independence, stated that offers of loans to Egypt for the construction of the Aswan dam had been accompanied by stipulations for control over Egypt's internal policy. Moscow and satellite broadcasts described the Austrian Government's decision to prohibit the activities of the communist-dominated World Federation of Trade Unions on Austrian territory as 'an unprecedented interference . . . in the internal affairs of working class and trade union organisation'. An east German broadcast stated:

The arbitrary action which has been taken is in the interests of the U.S. combines and western colonial masters, against whose brutal methods of exploitation the W.F.T.U. are consistently fighting. . . . According to Mr. Dulles, a neutral Austria should be not the field of activity of democratic organisations but the playground of U.S. agents.

Another subject which was made the target for anti-American propaganda was balloons. On February 11 a Moscow broadcast denied the American assertion that the U.S. balloons which have flown over Soviet territory were launched for purely scientific purposes. In the various satellite broadcasts no distinction was made between the meteorological balloons and the balloons carrying propaganda leaflets. An east German broadcast, saying that 'the German Democratic Republic is not willing to tolerate this threat to its citizens', went on:

Those whom this concerns would be well advised to realise in time that the route of these balloons, as well as the air traffic of the western allied countries to Berlin, passes through German Democratic Republic air space.

Did You Hear That?

THE 'SAGE' OF LEXINGTON

CHRISTOPHER SERPELL, B.B.C. Washington correspondent, spoke of one of the latest additions to American air defence in 'Radio Newsreel'. 'The "sage" of Lexington, Massachusetts', he said, 'is not, as you might expect, a venerable literary figure of nineteenth-century New England; it is a three-storey, windowless building of reinforced concrete filled with some of the most complicated electronic machinery that the twentieth century has yet been able to devise. Its name derives from the initials of the phrase "semi-automatic ground environment", which being interpreted is a semi-automatic means of determining the location of aircraft, of calculating and intercepting courses, and of controlling fighter aircraft and other defensive weapons, all in one continuous operation. The Lexington Sage has, in fact, much of the mental apparatus of the more conventional sages of the past. It can see and hear; it can draw conclusions from what it has seen and heard; it can translate those conclusions into action and control that action. The only quality it lacks is judgement, the ability to choose between one course of action and another, and that is supplied by a human element geared into the sage's vast brain. That is why its title begins with the word "semi-automatic".

'The eyes of the sage are the radar screens covering the sector which it is assigned to defend. They feed in their observations directly over telephone and micro-wave radio circuits. The ears are the ground observer corps—the meteorologists in the weather bureaux and the reports from other sectors or from advance observation points, such as the so-called Texas Towers out at sea. The information from these sources comes pouring into a vast electronic computor which digests it and almost instantaneously translates it into a complete picture of the conditions in the sky over the whole sector—a real picture on a radar screen in the interior of the building. Here a human operator judges what is the best course to follow in taking action against hostile aircraft. He presses a button, or uses other means to indicate his decision, and "Sage" takes over again. It calculates the best courses to follow for interception, and by means of radio-links and automatic pilots, actually guides the fighter aircraft on these courses as soon as they are airborne'.

MODERNISING AMMAN

GERALD KING, a British consulting architect, has been to Amman, capital of Jordan, to work out a plan to turn it into a modern city. He spoke about Amman in 'The Eye-witness':

'One of the most interesting proposals', he said, 'is the use of tall buildings as pillars, to carry new overhead roads across the wadis, or valleys, that divide this teeming Arab city. Ten years ago Amman was a typical desert town, its one main street cluttered with stalls piled with dates and grapes, sweet cheese and goats' milk, and thronged with people. Many of them were from the surrounding desert—fine-looking men wearing red and white head coverings, with here and there a Bedouin chief wearing a silver-mounted sword. The streets of the modern capital are still thronged, only more so since the population has risen from 40,000 to 200,000. When I first saw the present city's congestion and listened to the bedlam of traffic jams, the drivers blaring their horns, I thought there was certainly a real need for a town planner here. The buildings of the central area seemed to be piled almost on top of each other. The reason for this is that Amman has developed on seven precipitous hills, in some places so steep that the roof of one house is on a level with the ground floor of the adjoining one, so that some of the roofs could be used as parking places.'

'The proposals also include large multi-deck car parks, approached at three levels from the side of the hills. Another proposed solution to Amman's traffic problems we put before the King in our plan for a newer Amman is new link and ring roads. It is not just a case of building new internal roads, for the city has seven residential quarters, each on a hill. The houses are of a whitish limestone which reflect the bright sun, and they seem to be trying to swarm tier upon tier up the hill. From these suburbs, rivers of traffic pour down into the commercial quarter, for to get from one to the other you have to drive down into the city and then up again.'

'It was not practicable to plan normal ring roads for they would have to run up hill and down dale, switchbacking across the seven main



General view of Amman, capital of Jordan

Shell Photographic Unit

residential areas. Therefore the plan shows these hill suburbs linked by elevated roads, using tall buildings, some eight storeys high, in the valley as supporting structures. Thus, the hill suburbs of Amman, hitherto isolated by impassable gullies, could be connected and this would relieve traffic congestion in the teeming city below. The plan also caters for a large market with market hall, sports stadium, government buildings, a hippodrome, and a cultural centre, and for the re-building and extension of the shopping centre. I am pleased to say that King Hussein of Jordan has seen the scheme and has given it his blessing'.

COAL FOR THE TAKING

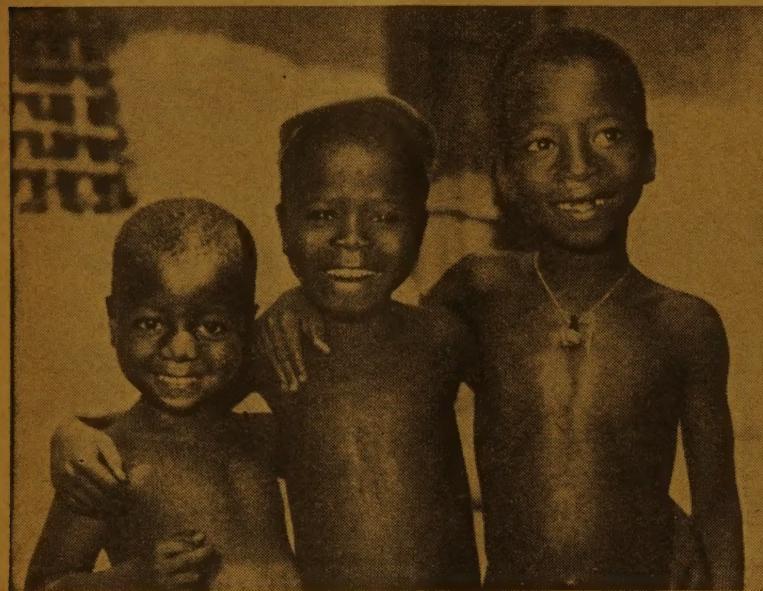
'Have you ever heard of sea-coal?' asked MAY LOWERY in 'The Northcountryman'. 'I had not till I came to live on Tees-side. The first winter we were here, I used to wonder what was so fascinating about that cold, windy beach, for at certain times of the day half the population seemed to hurry past my door carrying sacks or pushing home-made barrows and ancient bicycles. I asked my neighbour what it was all about. "Oh, they are away for sea-coal", she said. Then, seeing my blank stare, she showed me a bucketful of her own. It looked just like wet, black, demerara sugar.'

'But surely that would dampen any fire out?' I said. 'Oh, no. You parcel it up first', she explained patiently. 'Then when the paper has burnt through, you've got red-hot bricks of pure coal. Makes a lovely fire. You want to go and get some—it's free for the taking!'

'So down to the beach I went. On those sands, the wind blows straight from the North Pole, and I wished I had put on three more overcoats. The sea had drawn back to expose black rocks that looked like sets of rotting teeth. Along the hard, wet sand people were working like ants, busily piling up black castles from the patches of sea-coal; patches of anything up to a hundred yards in length and about two to three inches deep.'

'Most people used a "pusher", that is a broom handle with a piece of board nailed across the end—the sort of implement that is used for pushing snow away from the front door. Since then, I have had a bit of practice with a "pusher" myself, and now I can skim it along a patch of sea-coal without raking up two or three pounds of sand into my pile. On a good day I can pile up about one hundredweight of coal in an hour. It is best, however, to work with a group of three or four people and so lay claim to a stretch of sea-coal yielding several hundredweights; for although it is free for anyone to take, sea-coal gatherers respect each other's seam.'

'It seems that a layer of coal runs out from the south Durham coast and eventually surfaces on the sea bed, a sort of open-cast mine. The coal is scoured from the sea bed by the action of the water and carried along by the tides and currents to be deposited on the wide, flat, sandy beaches around Teesmouth. The stronger the wind is, the heavier the sea is—and consequently the larger the haul of sea-coal, amounting to several tons a day. So you see that a gale—an ill wind—does blow some-



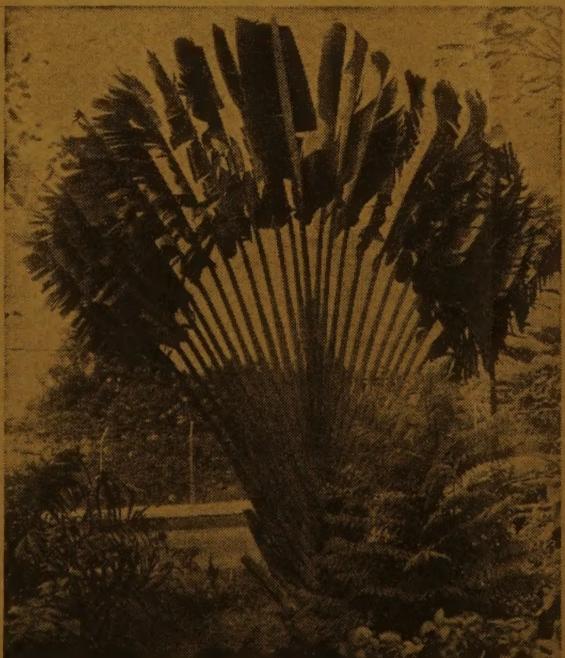
Three Liberian boys—

body some good. This means that the best times to get in a good stock of sea-coal are after the October gales and the high spring tides, and at such seasons, horses and carts, cars, and lorries, and even taxis are pressed into service.

'Getting the coal home can be quite a problem, though many young lads manage to stagger along with three bulging sacks loaded precariously on the fork and crossbar of an ancient bicycle. But the stuff is heavy with sea water and cumbersome to wheel through soft sand. So, unless you want to be gasping like a stranded fish by the time you reach the promenade, it is better to arrange with one of the traders to deliver your sacks to your home for a small sum. Or sometimes the men who operate the beach tractor, which pulls the fishing boats down to the shore, will carry the sacks to the promenade.'

PHOTOGRAPHING LIBERIA

'Liberia', said ERICA KOCH in 'The Eye-witness', 'is a photographer's dream, a kaleidoscope of colours: the deep, bright green of the impenetrable bush, the patches of brick-red earth, the white and brown mud-built villages, and the grey-blue rivers. Imagine entering a world where banana bunches hang heavy from the trees, where weaver birds plaster the palm trees with their coconut-like nests, where the delicious pawpaws are there for the picking, and where coconuts, mangoes, and breadfruit are as common a sight as apples in the Vale of Evesham, and all this glittering in blazing sunshine. The hibiscus, that flame-coloured flower, greets you as soon as you set foot on Liberian soil—it grows almost like a weed. And that wonderful perfume: it comes from those yellow-centred, white flowers growing on large trees almost everywhere. They are the Liberian camellias. Yet another tree catches your attention: a palm that looks like a fan. Cut at its base it could indeed serve as a giant's fan, and when punctured it gives more than a jugful of clear drinking water.'



—and a palm that looks like a fan, photographed by Miss Koch during her tour of Liberia

'My first contact with the Liberians was all smiles and handshakes, large grins, and flashing white teeth. They slide their middle fingers down yours and end the handshake with a loud snap. This is a true Liberian greeting and means that you are accepted as a genuine friend. The Liberians struck me by their healthy and happy appearance. They have perfect complexions, wonderful teeth, and well-proportioned bodies. This impressed me as much in the villages as it did in the capital, Monrovia.'

'In the capital and main towns some people dress the European, or rather the American, way. The others sport a variety of clothing from the imported tee-shirts to the locally made tribal dresses. They all have striking colour sense and, though very fond of vivid hues, never make them clash. The tribal cloth, mainly worn by elders and leaders in the villages, is made of bright strips of material sewn together in many various garments from a shirt to a Roman toga type. In Monrovia, almost all the shops are general stores, windowless, and only on ground floors. And it is the same in the villages, only there they are in thatch-roofed, mud huts'.

MEMORIES OF A STROLLING PLAYER

Speaking of his experiences as a strolling player in a 'fit-up' company ARMAND GEORGES said in a Home Service talk:

'The economy of a travelling company was generally pretty flimsy, and most of us had to play every night to make ends meet. A night off was sheer luxury. So it was always welcome whenever it was found that a town or village would support a run of several nights, or maybe a week. Life was pleasant when this happened. We even had time for a social life of sorts, although this had its difficulties too.'

'Once a friend and I, who were both playing a series of villainous roles in this run, arranged to meet two of the girls from the village after the show for supper. We waited for them for half an hour, but they did not arrive, and we decided at last that they must have changed their minds. We learned next day that they had seen the evening's play and had decided that we must be dangerous types, the way we killed people and stole their money and plotted against poor widows and innocent children. Later my friend invited his landlady to see the play, in which he displayed the full parade of villainy and killed off most of the rest of the cast. When he went to his lodgings after the show he found the door barred. He banged and shouted to be let in—no answer. Finally, a quaking landlady opened her window and shouted down to him in a very uncertain voice: "Go away, you murderer—you aren't going to sleep in my house!" That night he did as many of us have often done—he slept on the stage at the hall.'

'This may sound a romantic way to spend a night, but sleeping on four chairs or two forms—the only props most companies had—or in a trunk is no fun. It often happened that one or all of our company

would walk street after street of a village without finding accommodation, and would have to go back to a cold, draughty hall and make do with a suitcase for a pillow and an overcoat for a blanket.'

'To make ends meet we sometimes had to find part-time jobs in or near the village where we were showing, and give our usual performance in the evening. One such job I tried was picking peas for a farmer, but like most of the others, it did not work out. I found that even after stuffing the bag half-full of vines before I started—a usual trick of the trade—I was able to pick only one bag a day, which earned me the royal reward of 4s.—and a stiff back.'

'It was a hard school, but a fair one. If you ask them, the men and women of the "fit-ups" will tell you they were happy times—but will probably add "now that they are all over". These shows have now nearly all faded away, mainly because many of the old managers have retired and few young artists of today are prepared to face the hardships that might await them. But there are still a few left, and some people will insist that there will be always a place for them'.

The American Conception of Innocence

By EUGENE J. McCARTHY

POLITICS in the United States reflects the American belief in the basic innocence of Americans, a belief which has agitated the American mind since the time of colonial settlements. American colonists even before the revolution considered themselves to be a people set apart and above; they were without the sense of inferiority which usually marks colonial societies. It was common for religious and civil leaders in the colonial settlements to speak as did William Stoughton in the seventeenth century, asserting that 'God has sifted a whole nation that he might send choice grain over into this wilderness'. And as did Edward Johnson in the same century, saying: 'Know that this is the place where the Lord will create a new heaven, and a new earth, and new churches, and a new commonwealth together'.

'God's Chosen Continent'

This belief that Americans, as inhabitants of a new land, and as people living under a new government, were themselves also new and innocent, set apart from the stream of tradition, unmarked by history, has continued. In over-simplified and extreme formulation it holds that Americans live in a condition of natural goodness, a modified kind of pre-Fall condition, not knowing evil; a state of existence or of mind labelled 'Adamism' by R. W. B. Lewis, and one which leads us to accept, as Mr. Donald Creighton, a Canadian, has written recently, that we are the inhabitants of God's chosen continent, that in North America, Canadians and citizens of the United States are all just 'folks', all members of one great big happy family, 'innocent, peace-loving, virtuous, full of the highest possible ideals, and breathing good will for all mankind'. This same belief as summarised by Mr. Creighton holds that in contrast with us Europe, including Great Britain, is alien and sinister. The concept of innocence is basically antagonistic to government and government action. One of the earliest American political philosophers, Thomas Paine, expressed it in these words: 'Government, like dress, is the badge of lost innocence. The palaces of kings were built upon the ruins of the bowers of Paradise. Were the impulses of conscience clearly and irresistibly obeyed, man would need no other law-giver'.

A point of view nearly identical with that of Paine was expressed recently by Clarence Manion, former Dean of the Law School of Notre Dame University. In his book, *The Key to Peace*, Manion states that government is a necessary evil, and that 'in a community of saints the moral law would be the only law needed to provide such a community with perfect peace, complete order, and universal justice. It is only when such a community is invaded by amoral and immoral people, or when some of the saints fall from grace, that man-made regulations are required to hold the immoral or the amoral elements in line'.

According to the theory of both Paine and Manion the state arises from the evil or bad will of men, and moreover this evil and bad will remains the lasting justification for government. It accepts that good people do not need government; it implies that if there is more government than is necessary in relation to the goodness of people, the force of government will bear all citizens down to the level of immorality, assumed as the basis for laws and regulations. A philosophy of government built upon this concept permits the state only negative or regulatory functions necessary to meet these problems, which are the result of disorder in human society.

Continuing Suspicion of Government

Not all Americans accept this point of view. In the actual conduct of government, positive functions, essentially unrelated to control and regulation, are provided for and are performed. There is, however, among Americans a continuing suspicion of government. Jefferson's statement that that government is best which governs least is widely accepted as the best standard for judging government; and Lord Acton's frequently quoted but historically unproved statement that 'power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely' is accepted uncriti-

ally. The need in the United States for the Federal Bureau of Investigation, for the secret agents in the Treasury Department, for the state and local police, is generally accepted. A father will ordinarily report glowingly of his son's service in the F.B.I., but hesitate to report that he has a son in one of the other departments of government, especially if it be the State Department. It is these other departments that are staffed, as we say, by 'bureaucrats'.

This American attitude of innocence, with its particular tendency to consider politics as the enemy of innocence and of simplicity, is reflected not only in the attitude towards government and government office-holders, but even more sharply in reference to political activities. Political party participation is considered degrading by many citizens. The person who claims to be non-partisan, or an 'independent' voter, generally makes his claim without apology, and as one who has chosen the better part. It is the general practice in general campaigns to organise independent committees in support of candidates, and to set up 'citizens' committees', as distinguished from political or party committees. These devices are intended to remove the blight of party identification or part affiliation. De Tocqueville was, I think, somewhat harsh in his criticism of those whom he called the 'courtiers' of America. What he said early in the nineteenth century, however, still has some application. Then he said that office seekers and office holders in America 'are forever talking of the natural intelligence of the populace they serve; they do not debate the question as to which of the virtues of their master is pre-eminently worthy of admiration, for they assure him that he possesses all the virtues under heaven, without having acquired them, or without caring to acquire them'.

Appeal to the Heroic Virtues

It is today popular to attribute to citizens power of discernment, simplicity, and soundness of judgement. It is not popular to call upon the voters for self-examination or self-criticism, or to ask them to question their own previous judgement. Intellectuals are suspect; a candidate may promise to surround himself, if elected, with the best brains in America; but at the same time will make it clear that those brains will not speak in the accents of Harvard University. It is more popular in campaigns to appeal to the heroic virtues of the citizens and to the strength of the nation than it is to speak of complexity or of uncertainty or to suggest the exercise of any of the non-heroic virtues.

It is common to label political campaigns at every level of government 'crusades'. The presidential campaign of 1952 demonstrates most clearly the use of the technique of the crusade. From the very beginning the Eisenhower supporters insisted that their actions and interests were non-political, that their programme was not based upon political considerations but upon moral and spiritual principles. Even in the preliminary conflict with the Taft Republicans, the distinction between politician and crusader was clearly and loudly proclaimed. The Eisenhower supporters insisted that they were, if not political innocents, at least politically innocent. They were, they said, non-professional, unsullied and unsullied pure citizens. Their opponents were denounced as 'politicians'. Taft backers might argue that the question of the vote of the Texas Delegation was a political one; but the Eisenhower supporters would not allow the use of the word to be applied to their part in the dispute, and immediately cried out that the Taft supporters, as might be expected of politicians, were 'stealing' or attempting to 'steal' the Texas votes. Similarly they held that the State of Georgia was represented at the Republican Convention by 'good' Georgians supporting Eisenhower and by 'bad' Georgians working on behalf of Taft. The candidate of the crusaders won the Republican nomination. After the Convention the 'political' Republicans having indicated their willingness to join the crusade were enlisted for the ultimate battle against the real forces of evil, the Democrats. Along the way some rather strained compromises were accepted. Common high purpose was the justification, as is usual in crusades.

When candidate Stevenson in the 1952 campaign suggested that the morality of public officials reflected the general level of morality in a

democracy, and that in a democracy all citizens had some responsibility for political decisions, his opponent rejected the suggestion, and went on to ask whether the individual United States citizen was responsible for the 'fall of China', the 'scandal-a-day government', or for the 'treadmill prosperity'. The expected answer was a very positive 'No'. When, in the 1952 campaign, candidate Stevenson in a speech in New York said that only men who confused themselves with God dared to pretend in this anguished and bloody era that they know the exact road to the promised land, candidate Eisenhower countered almost immediately in a speech in Montana, encouraging the American people to put away uncertainty and hesitation. 'Remember your own power', he said, 'and be not dismayed, because you can do anything'.

Mr. Stevenson and other Democrats asked for patience and forbearance, especially in foreign affairs. The crusaders shouted that we had had enough of these virtues, and raised the question as to whether they were really virtues becoming to Americans. One of the crusaders, a member of Congress of some reputation, stated that the root of American failure was that Americans, acting through the previous Administration, had tried to make a settlement, an arrangement, he said, with the devil communism, instead of spurning him, as Christ did, when he was tempted. And the same theme was continued and restated two years later when the then Speaker of the House, Republican Joseph Martin, told a Lincoln Day Republican meeting that the 'future of all religious faith' hung in the balance in the 1954 Congressional elections.

It cannot be said with certainty that the crusading technique and the appeal to righteous simplicity was responsible for the victory of the Republican presidential candidate in 1952. There were other issues of vital concern to the people; the appeal to innocence, however, ran throughout the Republican campaign, and undoubtedly was a factor in the victory of that party.

Weaknesses in Adversity

If innocence could be put aside after a victorious campaign its significance would be slight. It does, however, continue as a force, and does influence the content of government. As a fair-weather philosophy it is without serious consequences; in adversity it shows dangerous weaknesses. The innocent is inclined to false optimism and to over-simplification. Beset by difficulties, his first inclination is to delay and to postpone, to shun hard and difficult choices, and to hope for change. Complexity, setback, even of a temporary nature, is difficult for the innocent to explain or to bear, since he assumes that his intentions are good and his cause just and that consequently immediate and continuous success is assured. When success does not follow and delay is no longer possible, the tendency is for him to seek some explanation or some escape. If forced to choose he is likely to choose a compromise position, and to question that this choice is the ideal. He may postpone admitting failure by raising the hue and cry against wicked men who may be about, to seek a scapegoat, a person or persons to be blamed, a Jonah to be cast overboard. The weakness of government by the innocent was demonstrated, in so far as domestic issues in the United States are concerned, in the paralysis of our government during the early years of the depression, following the crash of 1929; and in the ready cry of 'Socialism' which it raised against almost any proposals for government action in the field of economics or social welfare.

The effects of the approach of innocence and simplicity have been most clearly evident, and I think most harmful, in our approach to international affairs. The current American attitude towards foreign countries and their problems as described by Mr. Creighton is very much in agreement with the views of Thomas Jefferson, who in 1823 urged the people of the United States never to take an active part in the affairs of Europe. 'Their political interests', he said, 'are entirely distinct from ours. Their mutual jealousies, their balance of power, their complicated alliances, their forms and principles of government are foreign to us. They are nations of eternal war. All their energies are extended in the destruction of the labour, property, and lives of their people. Our first and fundamental maxim should be never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe'.

The early years of American history encouraged the attitude of indifference and separatism. Europe was absorbed in war; the war of 1812 and other disputes generally discouraged any move to establish closer ties with the old world on our part. At the same time the western lands of the United States were being opened to settlement. The frontiersman became the typical and heroic American; the current revival of interest in Davy Crockett here is not without historical foundation, nor is Kefauver's coonskin cap without some political appeal. The

immigration from Europe in the years following 1840 was different in character from earlier immigration. It weakened the homogeneity of existing culture, but it did not strengthen the bonds between Europe and America. If anything, it had an opposite effect. Most of the immigrants came seeking asylum; most were refugees from famine, from poverty, or from political oppression. If anything, their coming strengthened the antipathy towards Europe and fortified the American sense of superiority. We remained indifferent to world affairs, excepting occasional insistence on the open door in the Far East, and the conduct of the Spanish-American war, which was looked upon as an American activity rather than a foreign one. This was our position until the first world war.

Laissez-faire Economics

Involvement in the first world war was looked upon as temporary, to make the world safe for democracy in one great effort, and then to return to our own affairs was the American hope. After the failure of Wilson's idealistic, if not Utopian, efforts in the post-war period, the attitude of innocence and aloofness asserted itself again. The League of Nations was not perfect—therefore we would not join it. Private borrowers were expected to repay their loans: let nations do the same was the Government's attitude towards war debts. Laissez-faire economics was the way of America; other nations could and should compete freely. Occasionally we advised the drowning man to take good deep breaths of fresh air if he wanted to survive. We believed firmly in peace and disarmament, and accepted enthusiastically the Briand-Kellogg Peace Pact, denouncing war as an instrument of national policy, and asserting that the nations of the Pact would in the future solve all disputes among themselves by pacific means. We participated enthusiastically in each disarmament conference, until we reached the point of prompting Will Rogers to say that we could not attend any more unless we sailed in borrowed boats.

We were certainly not ready for the second world war; or, when the war ended, ready to accept great international responsibilities. We did not, however, withdraw from world affairs as we had done after the first world war. The United States participated in the formation of the United Nations, and has joined in the deliberations and in the programmes of this organisation. We have given economic and military aid to allies and former enemies. We carried the major burden in the Korean war, and have obligated ourselves under the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation and through the Mutual Security Programme.

Temptation to Return to Isolation

But the United States is restless in its new role in world affairs; political leaders make a point of saying that we did not seek the position we now hold, as though it would have been bad to have done so. Many Americans look back to the days when the nation could stand aside from the struggles for power, passing judgement upon the contestants and making fine, clear choices. There remains a strong temptation to return to the isolation and pleasant simplicity of early days when power and responsibility both were limited. No such violent change is likely. If we really ever accepted what Mr. Denis Brogan calls the 'illusion of American omnipotence', we have been disillusioned. Considerations of self-preservation and of defence make the position of the extreme isolationists untenable. Self-preservation, however, is not our only motive. There has been a change of attitude. The age of innocence and of innocents, both at home and abroad, is changing to one of greater maturity. To the extent that the conception of American innocence and simplicity remains—and it is still a strong force—it will affect American politics, particularly in foreign affairs; on the one hand causing hesitation, inconstancy, withdrawal, or the threat of withdrawal, and at the other extreme demands for, if not the reality of, drastic action. When the innocent who has been reluctant to use government turns to it he is likely to do so with great enthusiasm—to develop 'so great a fever of goodness that the dissolution of it must cure it', as the Duke observes in 'Measure for Measure'.

The innocent is disposed to favour massive effort, an all-out war rather than containment or limited war; to demand action leading to final decision, when postponement of trouble, or limited and even temporary good, may be the best that can be expected.—*Third Programme*

A review of the problems and possibilities of television in religious broadcasting is now available in a booklet entitled *Television and Religion* by Colin Beale, Religious Broadcasting Organiser for the B.B.C. Television Service (Religious Education Press, price 1s.)

They Stayed in Bed

By CECIL WOODHAM-SMITH

I WAS brought up to admire people who were what was called really energetic. I was taught that to fit myself to achieve something in life I must get up early, walk briskly, and never, never indulge in something I liked very much called a little rest. 'Get up', stern voices told me, 'you will never get anything done by lying about'.

This simply is not true. There have been men and women whose achievements were of great importance in the history of the world who led lives which were the exact opposite of the kind of energy I was taught to admire. They hated fresh air, they detested exercise, they lay on sofas, they stayed, sometimes for years at a time, in bed.

Take four famous people who lived in the nineteenth century: Elizabeth Barrett Browning who wrote the best poetry that any woman has yet written in the English language; Florence Nightingale who founded modern nursing; Charles Darwin, perhaps the greatest of our scientists, who wrote *The Origin of Species*; and Harriet Martineau, perhaps more famous in her day than now, who was the first woman to become a leader-writer on a London daily newspaper. Let us look at the kind of life these people, whose achievements are really formidable, chose to live.

Come for a moment into Elizabeth Barrett's room, the one room where she spends three-quarters of her life. Outside it is sunny, but in Elizabeth's room it is dark. A dark blind is pulled half down and the light is further dimmed by ivy growing in a tangle over the window-panes. Elizabeth would like, she says, not to be able to see out of her windows for the thickness of the ivy. The famous poet lies on a couch among pillows and shawls with her spaniel Flush always at her feet. The atmosphere is unbearably tuffy. From October to May the windows are not merely unopened, their edges are pasted over with brown paper so that no faintest breath of air can enter the room. No broom or duster is allowed in here for seven or eight months in the year, dust lies everywhere like white sand, and you must put your feet down carefully or a miniature desert storm rises up in your footsteps. Spiders, says Elizabeth, become domestic pets, and Flush will not put his nose under the bed for the angle of their webs. Silence is absolute. The loudest sounds are the scratching of Elizabeth's pen, the beating of her heart, Flush's breathing. Time has ceased to exist: she broke her



'The back bedroom': a drawing by Vanessa Bell, of Elizabeth Barrett Browning in her room in Wimpole Street
From 'Flush', by Virginia Woolf (Hogarth)



Florence Nightingale, who 'stayed in bed, with brief intervals, for more than fifty years'

watch—was it a year or two years ago?—she does not know the time, she does not know the day of the week; when she writes a letter she does not even know the year.

She believes she has a disease of the spine, but her doctors have never been able to find anything wrong. This is 1845; in 1846, less than a year later, she will rise from her couch, elope with Robert Browning, live a happy married life in Italy, have a healthy son.

Elizabeth Barrett was, of course, a poet, and poets are not like other people. It may well be that to produce poetry she needed the timelessness and silence, the dust, the ivy clambering up the window, the atmosphere of a Sleeping Beauty's chamber.

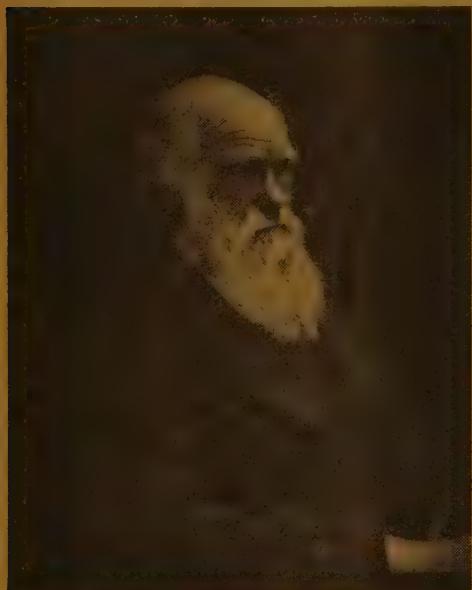
But take Florence Nightingale, a great administrator, a woman who influenced Cabinet Ministers and Viceroys, who was concerned with the making of laws, the appointments of politicians—surely it must be important to her to go about, see people, attend meetings. She stayed in bed, with brief intervals, for more than fifty years.

She believed she had heart disease; she believed, in 1850, that her life hung on a thread. She continued to believe that it hung on a thread, she made wills, distributed her possessions, not once but many times, but she did not die until 1910 at the age of ninety. Meanwhile, from her bed at No. 10 South Street, she ruled what amounted to an empire. There are people still living who can remember her room. It is the very opposite of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's, white, light, flooded with sunshine and fresh air, sweet with the scent of flowers. In Miss Nightingale's day Dorchester House still stood where the Dorchester Hotel is now, and her room looked on the gardens. Birds sang outside her windows, green leaves cast rippling shadows on her carpet. In small things she was fastidious: the crystal vase, which held fresh flowers by her bed, must always be scalded and polished, her bed linen must always be snowy, the lace on her cap must be real Buckinghamshire lace, and the very best.

A great many people came to see her but her rules were strict. No one, not even a relation or a dearest friend, not the Prime Minister or the Commander-in-Chief, could see her without an appointment. Was she an invalid, was she really bedridden? People waiting below to see her would sometimes be astonished to hear footsteps in Miss Nightingale's room overhead. Could she really have been at death's door, with a heart that might in her own words 'snap at any moment', work as she worked and live until ninety? The amount of work that issued from her bedroom is staggering. Night after night, until the small hours of the morning, she must have been sitting up in bed writing. Take only one of her achievements, the Indian Sanitary Report. It fills 1,000 closely printed pages. Take only one of the many correspondences she kept up, to the Matron of the Highgate Infirmary: in one year she wrote more than 100 letters.

Pause and ask yourself—how could Florence Nightingale possibly

have accomplished all this unless she had been alone, and when and where could she be alone living a Victorian family life? That is something of which today we have mercifully no conception. The endless fussing, ten, twenty letters exchanged over a cold in the head or a place for a holiday; the complete lack of privacy—all letters as a matter of course were handed round; the interminable chatting—for three, four hours the women of a family would sit in the drawing room exchanging platitudes, reading was thought ill bred; the impossibility of having even a half-hour to oneself without interruption: this made up a life which Miss Nightingale said was slow torture. One day after she had come back from the Crimea and was beginning her great work for the



Charles Darwin, who 'passed most of his life on his sofa'; and (right) Harriet Martineau—'six years in bed brought her strength'



army and nursing, she broke out suddenly in the drawing room, 'I must be alone', and collapsed. It was the beginning of her invalidism. For where could she be alone, where could she find silence from chatter, freedom from interruption, except in bed?

Charles Darwin was able to solve his problem in a different way: he did not have actually to go to bed. He passed most of his life on his sofa. From the age of twenty-two Darwin was convinced he had heart disease, though he was robust in appearance, 'quite blooming and beautiful', he wrote. When he applied for the post of naturalist on the *Beagle*, the famous little ship which made a five-year voyage of discovery down the coast of South America, he was sure he would be rejected on grounds of ill health. However, he was accepted and during a disastrous expedition into the interior proved so strong that he struggled on to find water when most of the party was too exhausted to move. Nevertheless he continued to suffer from weakness, fatigue, insomnia, headaches, sinking feelings, and dizziness. A half-hour's conversation with a stranger could give him a sleepless night, and in old age he found it too tiring even to look out of the window. In 1839 he married Emma Wedgwood—all the Wedgwoods were intensely sympathetic to ill health—and it was said that the perfect nurse had married the perfect patient.

Soon after their marriage they moved to Kent—London was too tiring for Charles—and here, protected by Emma, Charles Darwin evolved a routine which centred on his sofa. He worked, that is to say he wrote or experimented, only for two hours a day. He breakfasted at 7.45 and then worked until 9.30. After this he lay on the sofa for a couple of hours, then worked until twelve. Work was then over for the day, and if things had gone well he would say in a satisfied voice, 'I've done a good day's work'. After a little turn in the garden with his fox-terrier he had luncheon and returned to his sofa, leaving it only to go up to his bedroom at three, returning to it after tea, and remaining on it until dinner. After dinner he played backgammon. All his reading was done lying on the sofa, and, as he found learned volumes heavy, he was in the habit of cutting them in half.

It was the life of an invalid, and what freedom it brought. Charles Darwin never sat on committees, never went to official dinners, saw

only the people he wanted to see, read only the books he wanted to read. Metaphysics and religion he found brought on a headache at once. As the great man lay on the sofa he was not idle. His mind was at work, and it was in those long hours of silence and solitude, lying on his sofa, meditating, meditating, that Darwin reached his bold conclusions. He himself expressed his most valuable quality as 'unbounded patience in long reflecting over any subject'. For his long reflecting he needed his sofa.

Harriet Martineau's case is different again. She spent six years in bed, and arose, cured by mesmerism or, as we should say today, hypnotism, to lead a life of energy. She was, she says, a weakly child, gloomy, suspicious, and morbid. Her mother was a stern, difficult woman. From the age of eight to fourteen Harriet never passed a day without crying, and at the age of twelve she became deaf. She had been born without the senses of taste and smell, and said that only once in her life had she really tasted a leg of mutton, and it was delicious. She became famous as a writer of tales which conveyed economic truths, with such titles as *Illustrations of Taxation, Poor Law Tales, Forest and Game Law Tales*. But as she rose in the world the fortunes of her family declined and she found herself in sole charge of her mother. Financial difficulties were acute, and soon we hear that Harriet is exhibiting familiar symptoms, heart disease is feared, there are fainting and sinking fits. In 1839 she collapsed. She lay down, she says, 'in solitude and silence' and she continued to lie there for six years. She would allow no member of her family to look after her; she chose to live in lodgings in Tynemouth, in her own words, 'quite alone'.

Six years later her cure by mesmerism took place, but her difficulties by then had been solved. Her mother was living with relatives in Liverpool, the family finances had straightened themselves out, and Harriet found herself a free woman. She fell on her work with enthusiasm. No more is heard of heart diseases, fainting fits, sinking sensations. The years following her six years in bed were her best. She became leader writer on the *Daily News*, the first woman to achieve this eminence, and wrote the record number of six leaders a week, 1,600 in all. She wrote many tales and published a number of books. She 'strode about', travelled, dined out every evening but Sunday. Six years in bed had brought her strength.

And yet I do not think any one of these people was looking only for an escape. They were, I believe, looking for something very different, a climate in which they could work. Work was their object, work not self. And, most important of all, they all belonged to a rare class of human being, who can flourish only in silence and solitude, the people whom the prophet Isaiah described when he wrote, 'Whose strength is to sit still'.—*Home Service*

The Hour of Surrender

Against dim distances a red moon blushes;
The meadows drowse where mist uncoils and smokes,
Their outlines blurred; the bull-frog chorus croaks,
Stirring the green and quivering beds of rushes.

The water-lily hides her crown away;
Stark in the far-off mist, a spectral host
Of poplars looms, each tree a shadowed ghost;
Towards the bushes dancing fireflies stray.

Screech-owls awake and silently prepare
To breast the darkening sky in heavy flight;
All heaven is filled with glimmering points of light;
Pale, Venus shows herself: the night is here.

BRIAN HILL, after Paul Verlaine's 'L'Heure du Berger'

Myxomatosis and the Balance of Nature

By H. N. SOUTHERN

DURING the last eighteen months so much has been written and said about myxomatosis that after listening, first to one side and then to the other, you may indeed be pardoned if you have found yourself in a complete fog. Leaving the humanitarian aspect aside, it is not easy to answer the simple question: has myxomatosis, and the temporary disappearance of rabbits, benefited the country generally or not? Each sectional interest speaks vehemently for or against, and it is almost impossible to weigh against each other the various arguments, charged with feeling, and often with tendentious misrepresentations of fact. Perhaps I may be forgiven for avoiding this question, seeing that so many other people are prepared to answer it.

Whether we deplore the accidental introduction of the disease or not, the fact remains that it is here and, economically and socially, we shall have to make the best of it. For the scientist, and especially the ecologist, who is studying the relationships of animals and plants with each other in the wild state, the spread of the disease has performed, under his nose, an experiment on so vast a scale that the results cannot fail to throw light on some general principles of population control.

Effect on the Corn Crops

Most people, whose work or pleasure takes them into the country, will have noticed for themselves some of the immediate effects of the disappearance of rabbits. Corn crops have flourished right to the margins of the fields; seedling trees (not excluding the unwanted thorn) are romping into every open space; the grasslands, especially on the chalk and limestone, have changed from close-cropped turf to a sea of waving grass-heads; and the spring flowers excelled themselves in beauty and abundance. But these are just the superficial and temporary effects of a readjustment in the balance of animal and plant communities which is a far more radical affair. Whether the rabbit eventually comes back to its old level or not, far-reaching oscillations in animal and plant populations will go on for some time. And it is for the ecologist to try to measure some of these changes and to extract what information he can about the complex control that animals exercise on each other's numbers.

On the botanical side much research work has already been started to measure the changes that myxomatosis has set going. I want to deal here particularly with wild animals. The kind of research that investigates the balance of numbers in animal populations is enormously time-consuming and needs special techniques, such as the marking and releasing of big samples of the animals studied, which are subsequently recaptured and identified. Obviously, then, such widely-devised schemes of investigation must be few and far between.

Here I was exceptionally fortunate. For some eight to nine years I had concentrated my energies on trying to discover, in terms of population density, the impact of predation by owls on the numbers of their prey—wood mice and voles. This work was done on an area of about 1,000 acres of deciduous woodland and it involved designing and operating methods of making a census both of the owls and of the wood mice and voles. I had hoped to complete the field-work for this study in 1952 but, after a year or so brooding on the results, I became convinced that some serious error had crept into the figures for the prey populations. So by October 1954 I had gone back into the woods and restarted a series of two-monthly trappings to catch and mark large numbers of the mice and voles. The scale of this kind of experiment can be judged from the fact that between 1948 and 1952 I myself and one assistant handled over 10,000 of these small rodents, and walked above 1,000 miles in the process.

No sooner had I started again than myxomatosis arrived. In six weeks it had cleared almost every rabbit out of the estate. A well-timed fall of snow in early 1955 confirmed this, for, in spite of careful searching, only about three rabbit tracks could be found on the whole 1,000 acres. Almost immediately there were signs of unusual activity by foxes. On the estate there are two small plantations of conifers, not more than twenty acres in all, where the ground is bare of vegetation. These are inhabited by wood mice which make their network

of burrows just below the level surface of the pine needles. And beyond these plantations there are also occasional patches throughout the woodland where the soil is thin and the ground all but bare. In such places as these the foxes had dug extensively along the lines of the underground burrows and large areas were seamed and criss-crossed with the results of their altered hunting habits. Everyone who has watched foxes knows that, among other things, they are inveterate 'mousers' and have a characteristic method of waiting alertly to pounce with an upward spring upon mice and voles in the herbage. This excessive and widespread digging up of the forest floor was a new phenomenon to me and suggested that the foxes were, indeed, hungry.

By springtime the repercussions from the dearth of rabbits were competing for attention. In the first place live-trapping for mice and voles showed that there had been a spectacular decline in their numbers. Any increase in mortality at this time of year has a particularly stringent effect because breeding has not yet started and populations are at their lowest seasonal ebb. In a normal nine-day trapping period I can, with the help of one assistant, usually catch about 400 animals, of which nearly half are wood mice. In the spring of 1955 I had to extend the trapping period to eleven days, and even then it was touch and go whether we would reach a total of 100 animals, and of these less than twenty were wood mice. Here indeed was what we might call a 'crash' in the population, more severe than I ever recorded before. I have no doubt in my own mind, though the evidence is circumstantial, that the altered feeding habits of foxes, stoats, and weasels must have produced this effect.

The effect of this dearth of mice and voles upon the population of owls was even more striking. In a normal year most of the twenty-five pairs of tawny owls on the estate attempt to breed and about half are successful in rearing young. The broods are about equally divided between ones and twos, so that the average number of chicks fledged on the estate is about twenty. In 1955, in vivid contrast, only four chicks were fledged; all these were singletons, which probably meant that a brother or sister had died of starvation in the nest; and even of these four, one chick disappeared soon after it was fledged, which is very unusual. This striking reduction from some twenty chicks to effectively three gives an index of the low ebb to which the mice and vole population had sunk.

Owls and Rodents

During the trapping of the small rodents it was clear that the reduction of numbers was unevenly distributed. Large parts of the trapping area were almost devoid of mice, but in some places, notably where there was a dense ground-cover of bracken and brambles, it was still possible to trap a number of bank voles. It was just in these areas that the few tawny owl chicks were successfully reared. So the connection between available food and the breeding success of the owls was most satisfactorily demonstrated.

The spring flowers had shown by their exceptional exuberance that rabbits normally take a heavy toll of them. Cowslips particularly, along the meadows edging the woodlands, flowered in great carpets, and many species that are humbler in habit, the wood sorrel, moschatel, and woodruff, thrust themselves upon our attention by their virile growth. Some of this release would be due as much to the secondary dearth of mice as to the primary dearth of rabbits. This fact became clear to me when I examined the bluebell buds pushing out of the ground in April. Usually a small proportion of these are found shredded to pieces with the debris lying on the ground beneath. This is the work of the wood mouse. But in 1955 I could find no examples of their typical pillaging. Even if I had not already known it from the results of trapping, this would have told me that the normally ubiquitous wood mouse had been reduced to a very low level of population.

Various subsidiary lines of evidence also pointed to a shortage of small rodents in the woodland and a consequent change of feeding habits by the animals and birds that normally prey upon them. Successively, a stoat and a weasel were poked out of grey squirrel

dreys, one at least fifty feet up an oak tree. Foxes became a nuisance to poultry on surrounding farms and their numbers had to be reduced. Badgers were also troublesome in this way during the summer, but I think this belongs to another story. The long drought prevented them from getting at their staple diet of earthworms and the notable absence of wasps meant that there were hardly any nests for the badgers to dig out. In a normal summer the forest floor bears frequent traces of these activities and in one afternoon I have counted as many as twenty wasps' nests scratched up and the comb pulled to pieces by badgers.

So far, anybody with even a slight knowledge of ecology could have predicted most of these changes in the balance of animal numbers following the disappearance of the rabbit. The most exciting part is still to come. It seems to me that there are two main possibilities. If the lack of small rodents presses really heavily on the birds and beasts of prey, then their numbers will in turn be reduced. This should again release an upsurge in the quickly breeding mice and voles with the result that 1956 should stimulate the breeding of the predators and they should have a 'boom' year to follow the catastrophe of 1955. Fortunately, as far as the tawny owls are concerned, it will be possible to check whether this happens. Such a sequence of staggered oscillations in numbers is what mathematicians predict for populations of prey and predator in a closed system. On the other hand such an oscillating system has not yet been observed even in laboratory populations; in the wild, the numbers of animals, unless disturbed by a violent and far-reaching epidemic, like myxomatosis, remain obstinately on the level, with certain exceptions: this, despite the potentialities of fluctuation indicated by their birth rates.

This brings us to the second possibility: that this comparative stability of natural populations will quickly reassert itself, and the buffering effects of adaptability in the habits of animals—adaptability, that is, in turning to alternative foods or in temporarily depressing production of young—will work out a new equilibrium. There are some signs of this already. Although the number of young produced by the owls in 1955 was remarkably low, I have seen no signs yet of any reduction in the number of adults. They have been able apparently to spread their diet to include alternative prey—a sort of biological shedding of the load—and so to keep themselves going until they can

resume full-scale productivity again. The same seems to be true of foxes. I have examined half-a-dozen or so that paid the penalty for their interest in chicken coops and not one was emaciated. It is perhaps one of the most fascinating problems in ecology, this failure of mathematical and laboratory predictions to be borne out in the field. The widely variable buffering effects that exist in the network of a wild animal community seem capable of absorbing the most staggering shocks. Perhaps in the end they will also take in their stride this sudden and wholesale elimination of rabbits.

With these indications of the likely course that events may take, there is now nothing to be done but wait and see. During the late autumn and early winter there were signs of a recovery in the populations of mice and voles. When I last put out my live traps at the turn of the year, I once again achieved a full-size catch and there were obviously great numbers of youngish wood mice flooding in from the tail-end of the breeding season. The effect of this recovery on the breeding of the tawny owls, which starts about the middle of March, will be watched with particular care.

I should mention the one other extensive piece of research on the repercussions of myxomatosis among wild animals which has been carried out. This has been done by Dr. Norman Moore of the Nature Conservancy. In Great Britain his subject of study, the buzzard, preys extensively on rabbits and lives mainly in the pastureland and rough grazings of the west—always a notorious area for rabbits. The effect of myxomatosis has been most striking: except where pockets of rabbits temporarily escaped the disease, buzzards did not breed at all in 1955. The effect on the buzzard population has been, perhaps, more severe than on the tawny owls because they have wandered widely, presumably in search of food, and have been shot down in numbers by irate chicken farmers and gamekeepers.

The buzzard and the tawny owl represent only two of the many points in the web of British wild life where the impact of myxomatosis can be measured. The total effect must be tremendous and far beyond our capacity to measure critically. Nevertheless it is valuable to have a finger on the pulse of events at even two points. And in this country we may claim to be doing as much to learn from the catastrophe as anywhere else that has been swept by lethal virus.—*Third Programme*

To Heinrich Heine

[Heine died on February 17, 1856]

Heine, they do not know you.
Your footstep crossed the sun,
And where you stepped the world was changed:
You and the world were one.

You used the range of fancy.
Your colours were the Spring's.
There was no leaf in all the wood
But listened to your strings.

Softly the Muse had told you,
Cradled above the Rhine,
To tell both France and Germany:
'This that you claim is mine'.

In truth that secret cadence
Remained through exile strong.
No other could recall his land
In such elusive song.

Since love endured oppression
You painted with your hand
A subtle, mediaeval mask
To hide your native land.

There you concealed your wisdom.
Little the mask betrayed
How long the lightness of your line
Had struggled with the shade.

To you earth's crust was crystal.
You saw through it like glass.
The grief of lovers under ground
Beckoned the constant stars.

Out of the grave you raised them,
The nightingale and rose.
To you death's pillow was a stone
Where running water flows.

No, none has understood you
Since the last words you gave
While Paris overheard you sing
Upon your mattress-grave.

Hatred and wit engaged you;
Your language was your sword.
Yet you despised all words save one,
And candour was that word.

How well that sculptor showed you
Lifted above the dead,
Spirit with deathward gliding arms
And backward glancing head.

So slight a faunlike spirit
A prostrate figure clung,
It showed your inarticulate love,
The coin beneath your tongue.

The statue stood in Frankfurt
On a rose-planted lawn
Embodying there a double dream,
Fliegender Geist, yet Faun.

That dream which formed your vision
Still with deceptive art
Retraces passion's bas-relief
Back to your secret heart.

Law in Action

Master and Servant

By C. J. HAMSON

I PROPOSE to discuss a case which last term caused a dissent in the Court of Appeal, the three judges being divided two against one. The name of the case is *Romford Ice and Cold Storage Co., Ltd. v. Lister**. I have selected this case because it concerns a matter of great public interest: that is to say the relationship of master and servant and the nature of the duties which each owes to the other. Many persons in this country are affected by any fundamental decision touching that relationship—not only workers in a factory or employees in a business but also, for example, doctors in a hospital or a managing clerk in a solicitor's office, as well, of course, as all employers.

Our case deals specifically with the point: can the master recover from the servant who has been negligent the damages which the master, because of that negligence and only because of it, without other fault on his own part, has been ordered to pay to a third person who has been injured by the negligence of the servant? Our case also deals, though less specifically, with the basis of the master's general liability towards third persons so injured. Another reason why I have selected the case is because I believe that an intelligent layman would be interested, in this series of talks which concern the law in action, both to observe an actual conflict of principles in the Court of Appeal and also to examine the kind of legal rules, rather odd rules as it may seem to the layman, which the court presses into its service when trying to settle issues which may fairly be described as fundamental.

The Lorry Driver and His Mate

The full story of the case is complicated. I shall drastically simplify it. The defendant Lister was a lorry driver employed by the plaintiff company. He was sent with a mate to collect some offal from a slaughterhouse. Whilst in the yard of the slaughterhouse—it is of importance that the accident did not happen on the highway—the lorry driver negligently backed his lorry and ran into and injured the mate who had already got down. In a separate action the mate sued the company for his injuries and got judgement for £1,600 against them. Question: could the company recover from the lorry driver the £1,600 they had been ordered to pay to the mate? To this question the majority of the Court of Appeal answered 'Yes'; the dissenting judge answered 'No'. The majority were of opinion that the only relevant facts were the facts which I have stated; the dissenting judge thought that some other facts, which I shall presently relate, should also be taken into consideration.

I should perhaps first note that if this accident had happened before 1948 the mate could not have recovered damages from the company though he would have obtained compensation under the Workmen's Compensation Acts. Before 1948 the mate would have been caught by the doctrine of common employment, under which a servant could not sue the master for injuries suffered exclusively by reason of the casual negligence of a fellow-servant. Under that doctrine the risk of such injuries was regarded as assumed by the injured servant from the very fact that he had consented to work with that fellow-servant. This doctrine was abolished by statute in 1948: with the result today that in an action against the master, in respect even of the casual negligence of a fellow servant, a servant is as much a third party as if he were not employed by that master at all. So the mate in our case, so far as his action against the company is concerned, must be treated as if he were a stranger lawfully in the slaughterhouse yard. But it is the abolition of the doctrine of common employment which gives urgency and importance to our case; for many more accidents happen within a factory through the negligence of a servant casually injuring his fellow-servant than happen outside the factory to persons entirely strangers to the enterprise. The majority held that employers can recover from the negligent servant the damages they have been ordered to pay as a result of his casual negligence as much to fellow-servants, if I may so put it, within the enterprise as to strangers outside the enterprise. The potential liability of the negligent servant is accordingly great.

To return to the facts of our case. It was an additional fact that the company was insured, as employers normally are, in respect of their

general liability as employers. They also had a policy of insurance covering their lorry. But because the accident happened in the yard and not on the highway, and for other reasons also, that policy did not cover the injuries to the mate. So the general insurers had to pay for those injuries. They were no doubt much annoyed at having to pay for injuries done by a lorry insured by another firm, and it was perhaps because of their annoyance that they started our action against the lorry driver. Though the action against the lorry driver was in the name of the company, the real plaintiffs were the company's insurers. An insurer has the right so to use the name of the person whom he has insured: having paid the claim made upon his client he can try to recover against anybody else, in his client's name but for his own account, whatever the client might have been entitled to recover. The insurers in our case started the action, as they could, without consulting the company. Evidence in our action was given by the managing director of the company that the company if consulted would have protested against the action. What the company would really have said and done if they had not been insured we cannot know; but, being insured, clearly they were not at all anxious that the lorry driver their servant should be sued. Indeed there was a conflict of interest between the company and their insurers. The majority, as I have said, regarded the existence of this insurance as irrelevant: in their opinion the insurer, in the name of the master, has against the negligent servant exactly the same rights as an uninsured master would have. The dissenting judge thought that the existence of an insurance covering the accident was a critical factor.

Before considering the technical arguments, let us look at the broad policy of the decision. Should the servant be under a duty to make good the damage which, so far as fault is concerned, he alone has done; and should the master have the right to enforce that duty?

The majority, answering yes, offer this general proposition of policy: 'It is not in the public interest that workmen should assume that whoever else may be called to compensate the victims of their wrongdoing they themselves will be immune'. That seems reasonable enough. On the other hand, the dissenting judge argues: 'If this action is well founded it means that in every one of these cases the insurance company can turn round and bring an action in the name of the employer against the servant. Nothing could be more detrimental to good relations between an employer and his servants. Nothing could be further from the contemplation of the parties'. Surely that also is true. And note this: the majority speak in terms of *wrongdoing*. If the servant had been really wicked, then most people, I think, would agree that he should primarily be liable. But the servant's failure is sometimes 'at least a venial one—it may consist only in the failure to reach that very high degree of care which the law (as I think, rightly) exacts: sometimes it is scarcely more than an error of judgement, a slip or a mistake. If the view which commended itself to the majority is accepted, the servant, if he has been negligent at all, will be liable for the whole damage, whatever the degree of his real fault. If the dissenting judge's view is accepted, there would or might be room for adjusting the servant's liability in accordance with that real fault; and from the point of view of general policy the possibility of individual adjustment seems an advantage.

Risk of Failures

It will not often be a case of black and white. The master is indeed admittedly blameless personally; but the blameworthiness of the servant can be exaggerated. Where that blameworthiness is not great it is surely sensible to suggest (whether or not it is legally possible) that as between master and servant the master should take the risk of failures which though minor may nevertheless have the gravest consequences for the injured victim. In such cases at least, common sense I believe would say that the fact that the master is insured is not irrelevant.

Again, should it not be asked *why* the risk is put upon the servant? What is the common-sense reason? To punish the servant? In that case he ought to be made to pay only if he has done something really worthy

(continued on page 252)

NEWS DIARY

February 8-14

Wednesday, February 8

An agreement for a new constitution for Malaya is signed in London

Six Hunter fighter aircraft of the R.A.F. crash owing to the bad weather

U.S. Government informs Russia that it will try to prevent weather balloons crossing Soviet territory

Thursday, February 9

Prime Minister returns home after his visit to the United States and Canada

Leader of the House of Commons announces that the Government motion on capital punishment during the debate next week will be submitted to a free vote of the House

Musicians' Union decides to order its members to cease working for the B.B.C. Television Service because of a dispute over rates of pay

Mr. W. H. Auden is elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford University

British Medical Association seeks higher remuneration for doctors in state service

Friday, February 10

Heavy snow interrupts transport and cuts off villages throughout Europe

Death of Lord Trenchard, Marshal of the Royal Air Force

M. Lacoste is installed as Minister Resident in Algeria following the resignation of General Catroux

Saturday, February 11

Maclean and Burgess, former Foreign Office officials, give prepared statement to reporters in Moscow

A two-day referendum is held in Malta to decide the constitutional future of the island

R.A.F. helicopters rescue the crew of a tug which went aground in the Thames Estuary

Sunday, February 12

Several hundreds of acres of forest land are destroyed by fire near Port Talbot in Wales

Classes at Madrid University are suspended after disturbances between rival groups of students

Monday, February 13

Prime Minister makes statement in Commons about his visit to the United States and Canada

Referendum in Malta results in vote in favour of integration with Britain

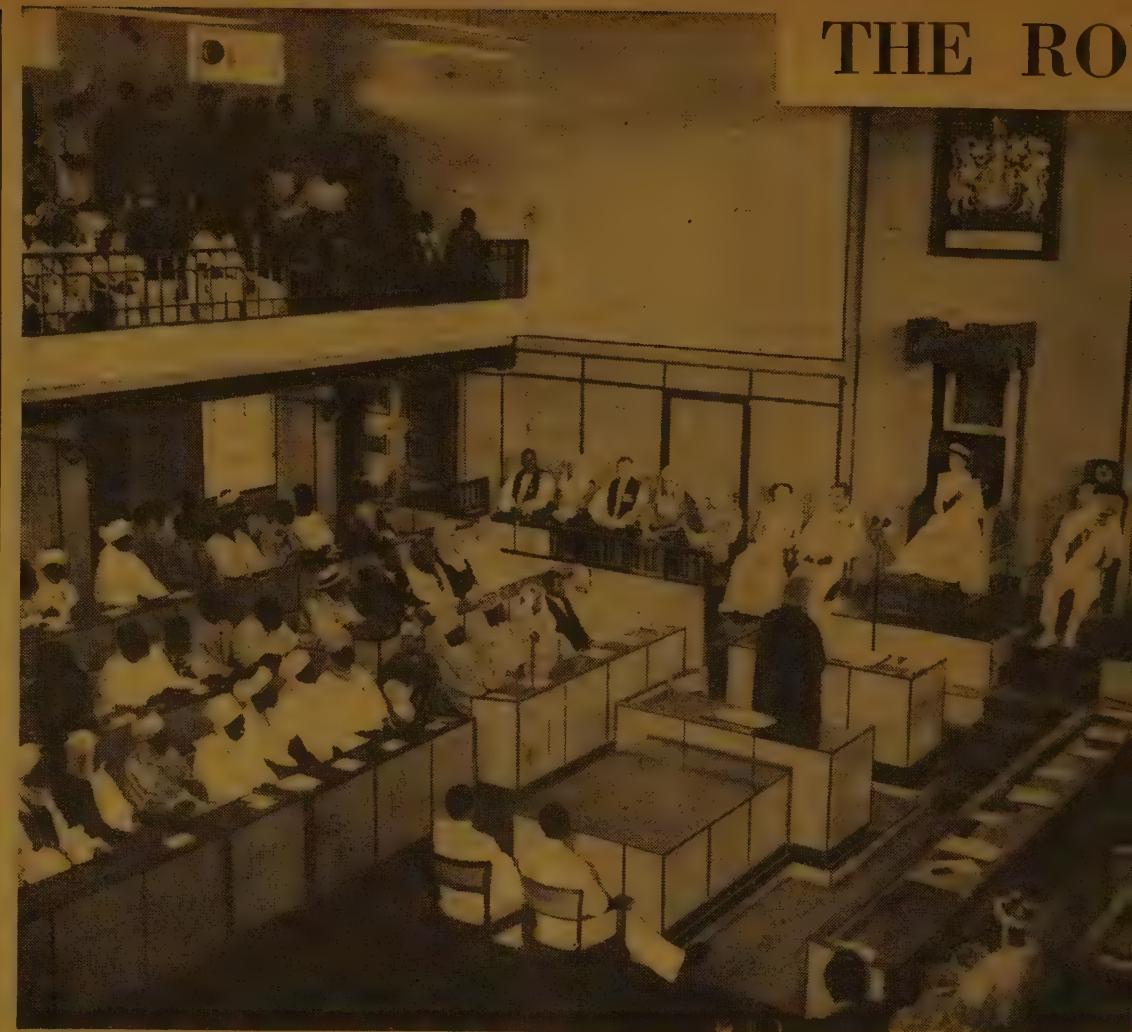
Tuesday, February 14

Mr. Khrushchev addresses opening meeting of twentieth congress of Soviet Communist Party

Bill to place coloured voters on separate roll receives first reading in South African Lower House

Minister of Labour makes statement in Commons about the printing dispute

THE RO



THE QUEEN'S TOUR OF NIGERIA



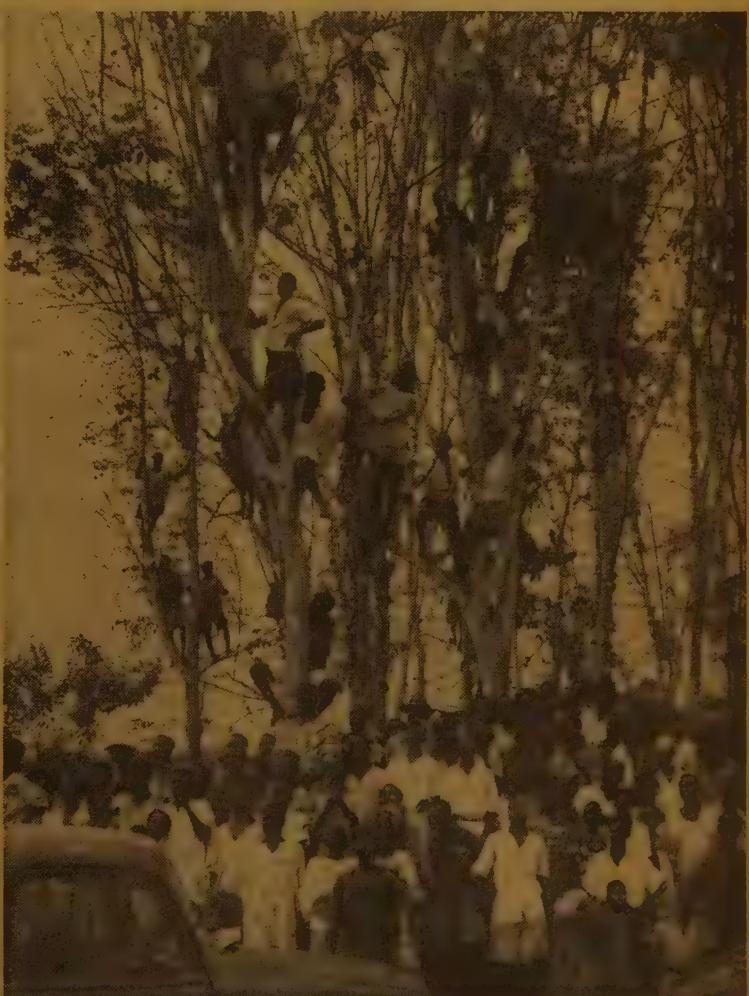
... tribal chief, preceded by his personal entourage, arriving at Lagos airport on January 28th, at the arrival of the Queen after her return from England. Left: the scene in the Nigerian House of Representatives, Lagos, during the visit of Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh on January 31.



The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh watching a charge by mounted tribesmen during a durbar held in their honour at Kaduna, the capital of the Northern Region, on February 2. Next day they attended a joint assembly of both Houses of the Northern Region Parliament



During her visit to the Eastern Region last week the Queen inspected the Oji River leper settlement. In the above photograph a blind leper is seen making a speech of welcome. Left: a display by war canoes which was watched by the Queen and the Duke at Port Harcourt.



Many people climbed trees to get a good view of the Queen when she arrived by air at the ancient city of Benin in the Western Region on February 9. Her Majesty leaves Lagos today for her return flight and is due in London tomorrow.

(continued from page 249)

of punishment. Would he always have done that? I do not think so. Or is it argued that accidents would be reduced if the negligent servant knew that he would be called upon himself to make good the damage resulting, so far as he was able? I doubt if that argument is tenable, though it sounds plausible. Men working are notoriously careless of their own safety when the danger resulting to themselves is immediate and obvious; the much more remote possibility of having to pay damages to somebody else is unlikely effectively to deter them from being careless.

It seems to me arguable how the decision *should* have gone as a matter of general principle or common sense. But of course it was not common sense that decided the matter. It was the Court of Appeal: which, though referring to general principles, also had, fortunately or unfortunately, a number of relevant rules of law to consider. Let us now look to those rules, and to their effect. A pertinent rule of law, though it is one which was expressly little discussed in the case, concerns the nature of the master's liability towards injured third parties. If you regard the master's liability as primary and personal, if you think of him as responsible for the enterprise as a whole because he is the owner of it, then when somebody is injured by a failure within the enterprise you tend to say, irrespective of fault in the owner, that the owner as such is primarily responsible. He should make good the damage caused by the enterprise which is conducted for his benefit. And you would give him a remedy over against, for example, a particular servant, only if the servant is guilty of some distinct personal fault, something which might fairly be called additional to the risk of the enterprise.

Extension of Liability

On the other hand, if you think that the master's liability is a liability for fault and that it is an extension of his liability, based upon a sound public policy no doubt but still an extension, to make him liable for the fault of somebody else—the fault, for example, of a servant of his acting in the course of his employment—then the master's liability becomes a secondary or vicarious one. The injured victim can, because of the extension, sue the master; but as between the master and the negligent servant, because the master's liability is secondary or vicarious, you would allow the master to recover from the negligent servant: the servant on this view being personally and primarily responsible.

I think the majority reached the conclusion that the master should recover from the servant because they assumed that the master's liability was vicarious, whereas the dissenting judge reached the opposite conclusion because he assumed that the liability was primarily and personally upon the master, as indeed he has elsewhere expressly stated it to be. Historically there is to my mind no doubt that the master's liability is properly described as vicarious; and I therefore believe that the majority's decision is historically justified. But it is a question whether the basis of that liability has in recent times shifted. If it has, the dissenting judge's approach can be justified; but it can be justified only if it has. Incidentally, it is these indefinite shifts of judicial opinion which particularly concern the academic lawyer and which, I believe, may be of interest to the layman also.

So far as the legal controversy between the majority and the dissenting judge goes, in my opinion the majority have much the better of it. For example, in order to give effect to his view that the existence of an insurance covering the accident was a critical factor, the dissenting judge was prepared to imply a complicated term in the contract of service between the company and the lorry driver—namely not that the company would insure but that if they did insure they would not sue their servants in respect of negligent acts whose consequences were covered by the insurance. One of the majority, rather shortly, described the implication of such a term as 'impossible' and I think that he was right.

What is of general interest is to call attention to this technique of implying terms in a contract, which is a dignified way of describing a process of putting in things which are not there. It is a favourite technique. The majority in due course use it themselves and the dissenting judge in his turn protests against its use. He is right in warning the majority that the implication of terms in a contract of service has historically led the courts to some most unfortunate conclusions—and in particular to the doctrine of common employment which was greatly reprobated and which had eventually to be abolished by statute. But it is strange that he should himself be willing to imply in the same contract of service a term of his own in comparison with which the majority's insertion is most simple and straightforward.

The line taken by the majority is legally very convincing. The master's right to recover from the negligent servant is, for them, based upon the contract of service between the master and the servant. In their opinion the duty owed by a master to his servant and by the servant to his master arises out of that contract and is essentially contractual. The dissenting judge is driven to rather dubious expedients to deny this. There is certainly sufficient authority for the majority's statement that 'a man who is employed to undertake the responsible work of driving his employer's lorries impliedly promises as part of his contract of service that he will drive them with reasonable skill and care'. Indeed, it seems to me hard to suppose that an employer could employ a person to drive without the driver undertaking this obligation to exercise skill and to show care. The dissenting judge says that no reasonable servant would ever give a warranty to his employer that he would never make a slip or a mistake, and it is in his view especially fantastic that the servant should be deemed to contract to make good to the master damages for which the master will be recouped by an insurer. That may be true; but the majority clearly are not writing into the contract any such warranty and they neither make nor need to make any such reference to insured losses.

If the driver is, as to my mind he evidently is, under a contractual duty to drive with reasonable skill and care, then immediately he drives negligently he has committed a breach of his duty. It is impossible or absurd so to state the duty, says the dissenting judge, because if it is so stated the master would be entitled to sue the servant even if the master has suffered no damage. It would be a foolish master who sued a servant for breach of duty if he had suffered no damage, and if such an action were in fact started no doubt the master would have to pay the costs. But a master could sensibly dismiss a lorry driver whom he found driving his lorries wildly even if neither the lorries nor any human being had been injured; and I think that he would be entitled then to dismiss the servant precisely because the servant had committed a breach of duty by his careless driving even if no damage had been caused.

Having thus founded the master's right of action against the servant upon the contract, the majority then ask whether there is any reason why this action should fail. They observe that at common law the master was considered a joint wrongdoer with the servant so far as the victim of the servant's negligence was concerned, and there was a common law rule that one joint wrongdoer who had had to pay could not recover from his fellow wrongdoer; but they say that they are at a loss to understand how an innocent master and a negligent servant could properly be regarded as joint wrongdoers and hold, again with ample authority, that whatever the common law rule is it cannot operate to defeat the innocent party's remedy, whether that innocent party is the master or the servant. Therefore where the servant has alone been negligent and the master is not otherwise at fault, the majority hold that the master is at common law entitled as of right to recover from the servant a complete indemnity in respect of the damages which he may have been ordered to pay to the person injured by the servant's negligence.

'Black and White' Decision

It would obviously be of interest to disentangle this historical rule that master and servant are joint wrongdoers and to examine how it has happened that what once seemed plain enough to the court is now a difficult and obscure proposition. And the other arguments of the dissenting judge against the majority's conclusion are worthy of examination, not least his statement that there is no recorded instance of the courts recognising the right of a master to sue the servant in the circumstances of our case. But I cannot discuss that here. My exposition has sufficiently shown, I hope, both the difficulty and the social importance of the problem which the court had to decide, and also the rather curious methods which the law uses to reach a decision. The decision which the majority reached is in my view warranted by those methods, but it is of a black and white sort; and for reasons which have little to do with legal argument I think I would have preferred the dissenting judge's more plastic solution had it appeared to me a legally possible one.—*Third Programme*

Two recently published books of linguistic interest are *A Book of English Idioms*, with explanations, by V. H. Collins (Longmans, 10s. 6d.); and *A Concise Dictionary of English Slang* by William Freeman (English Universities Press, 8s. 6d.).

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Should the Death Penalty be Abolished?

Sir,—Mr. Gold's examination of the death-penalty statistics (apart from a serious error in his statement of the Australian figures) constitutes a valuable addendum to my review of the argument, but does not, I think, weaken the conclusions I drew. For most of Mr. Gold's finer analysis of the figures is relevant only if it is conceded that the onus of proof lies on those who object to the death penalty. This would be an extraordinary concession to make in the case of an irrevocable penalty the use of which involves the anomalies I described in my broadcast and other odious consequences only tolerable if counterbalanced by some good.

It is most important, therefore, in considering the figures to distinguish between two propositions: (i) that there is no evidence that the death penalty is a superior deterrent; (ii) that there is evidence that the death penalty is not a superior deterrent. To insist that the only rational use of the figures is one which tends to establish (ii) is just to throw the onus of proof on those who object to the death penalty; but this is what nearly all Mr. Gold's criticisms do. For example, he argues hypothetically that if the death penalty had been abolished in England and Wales in 1910 and there had been 100 more murders in 1930-1939 than actually occurred there would still have been a substantial decrease in the murder rate following abolition. This argument and the similar argument from a hypothetical restoration of the death penalty in Sweden in 1910 are clearly valid only against those who accept the onus of proof and claim that the figures show that the death penalty is not a superior deterrent. But I did not make this claim: my conclusion was that 'belief in the superior efficacy of the death penalty is not a realistic view; it is not based on any proposition of fact' and 'we use it [the death penalty] in the dark because there is no evidence that it has the desired effect on our social life'.

The importance of the groups of neighbouring states in North America and Australia is that here, if anywhere, a statistical indication of the superior efficacy of the death penalty was most likely to show itself; yet it did not, since, e.g., after abolition in Queensland in 1922 there was an increase, but no greater than that in New South Wales which retained the death penalty. I should have added that after this initial increase there was a pronounced decrease in Queensland but a further increase in New South Wales. Mr. Gold criticises this comparison on the ground that New South Wales was not for these purposes a death-penalty state since the penalty was 'practically in abeyance'.

My reply to this criticism is as follows:

(a) Mr. Gold says that in the twenty-one years from 1918 to 1939 there were in New South Wales well over one thousand murders and only seven executions. This is just a mistake: Mr. Gold has read the numbers of murders as if they were numbers per million of population. There were in fact about 470 murders over this period. The same mistake infects his statement of the mean rates per million of population for the four decades from 1900, as thirteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-five, per million. They were in fact just about half of these rates, as is shown by table 46 on page 371 of the Report and diagram 1 on page 376.

(b) But in any case in order to judge whether

the death penalty is in abeyance and not effective as a threat the number of executions must be compared with the number of convictions, not with the number of murders. I have not got the figure for New South Wales, but the ratio of convictions to murders is very unlikely to exceed one-fifth (the ratio in Queensland). This would give approximately ninety convictions and seven executions, the last of which was in 1939. I do not see why this should be called 'abeyance', though, of course, the point would have been stronger had there been many more executions.

(c) Mr. Gold insists that the yearly figures for Queensland and New South Wales 'did not rise and fall together but changed in opposite directions'. His mistake in the New South Wales figures exaggerates this difference, but since after an initial similar increase the divergence consists of a general decrease in the Queensland figures and an increase in the figures for New South Wales, where the death penalty was retained, I do not understand why this invalidates the suggestion that for these states the rates of murder were conditioned by other factors than the penalty.

(d) As to Nebraska and the Dakotas: Mr. Gold objects to the treatment of Nebraska as a death-penalty country on the ground that since 1930 there have been 400 murders but no executions. I shall concede this point since there are no figures for convictions and treat Nebraska as an abolition country. Then it appears that for the nine years after the introduction of the death penalty into South Dakota the murder rates improved less there than in Nebraska and North Dakota (both abolition states). I do not accept the view that South Dakota cannot count as a death-penalty country after the sudden introduction of the penalty in 1939 because there was no execution until 1947.

Finally, as to Sweden: Mr. Gold, after deducting the figures for babies, shows that the rates in Norway and Sweden are approximately double those in this country for 1910 to 1939. But after his rigorous criticism of my interpretation of the figures it is astonishing to find him saying 'that from their standard of life and education these countries might have been expected to have a murder rate not differing greatly' from ours; and he suggests that these facts show that 'an operative death penalty is a factor in the establishment of a lower murder rate'. The world of Ibsen and Strindberg is not noticeably like that of Shaw and Pinero; and that there are striking differences between the two countries which may account for the higher murder rate is evident from the facts that in 1935, 1936, and 1939 every person in Sweden found to have committed murder was regarded as irresponsible. The Public Prosecutor in Sweden considers that the current homicide figures are the irreducible minimum since nearly all those charged with homicide are found to be irresponsible. No doubt the standards of responsibility are less generous in this country than in Sweden, but Mr. Gold's conclusion that the death penalty has been operative in establishing a lower rate in this country remains a mere guess.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford

H. L. A. HART

The Great Revaluation

Sir,—The talk by John Watson transmitted on the Home Service on January 24 (and repro-

duced in shortened form in THE LISTENER of February 2) contained a statement which may offend some excellent public officers whose helpfulness he was kind enough to mention.

Nobody will deny his assertion that there are skilled and experienced valuers who are not members of chartered bodies, just as there are skilled and experienced accountants and secretaries outside the chartered bodies operating in those spheres. Indeed I believe Mr. Watson will find that 'nearly all' the Inland Revenue valuation officers are not chartered practitioners, the percentage being 58 per cent according to the latest corrected list. About one half of these important posts throughout the country are filled by members of the Rating and Valuation Association, and although many of these are also chartered practitioners they value this 'non-chartered' membership and professional qualification just as highly as their chartered qualification, for the examination test imposed (particularly in rating valuation) is a most searching one, amply justifying their pride in possessing such a certificate of examination.

I am sure that Mr. John Watson would be the very last to deny credit to these officers, but there was an implication in his talk which could lead to considerable misunderstanding, and I hope my anxiety to correct any misapprehension will lead to the publication of this letter.

Yours, etc.,
London, S.W.1 FRANK L. OTHICK,
Secretary, The Rating and Valuation Association

U.S.S.R. and Technological Leadership

Sir,—Sir Francis Simon has been criticised for drawing a distinction in his recent broadcast (printed in THE LISTENER of January 19) between 'engineers educated at the low level of the technical colleges' and others more fortunate. I think this distinction must be drawn, however much it may be resented, for the reason that a three-year university engineering degree course implies about 2,500 hours of instruction from General Certificate of Education at advanced level, whereas the courses for Higher National Certificate start from a lower level and are neither as wide nor as stiff, the total being about 1,100 hours. Some people may like to think that this difference is made up by the H.N.C. man working harder, but I think this untrue.

During the past five years I have interviewed about a couple of hundred professional engineers for jobs, and the difference between H.N.C. and degree men in regard to knowledge of fundamentals is very marked. The H.N.C. man often excels in practical experience and often gets appointed despite his weakness in fundamentals.

When I was in Moscow in November I discovered that the Russian 'degree man' gets about 4,800 hours of instruction starting from a slightly lower level than our university entry. The Russian output of engineers trained to this level is at least ten times that of our universities or two-and-a-half times as many 'engineering degree' men per head of population. One school in Moscow is producing more mechanical engineers than all our universities together. Our H.N.C. men would not be accepted by the Russians as fully qualified professional engineers; it is also worth noting that H.N.C. men have difficulty in securing such recognition in Canada.

An article on the education of mechanical



Portrait in steel

PORTRAIT OF HARRY CHERRY, electric arc furnace man in a steelworks in Sheffield. The steel he makes goes to every corner of the globe, in motor car and aero engines, in printing presses and in cutlery.

As the world's demand grows, British steelmakers increase their efforts to turn out steel of the quality and quantity needed. Behind these increased efforts are men of the calibre of Harry Cherry.

British steel leads the world

engineers in Russia is due to appear in *Engineering* this month.

Yours, etc.,

Harwell

B. L. GOODLET

Sir,—The scientists and technologists we want are, of course, lost at fifteen to seventeen when about 70 per cent. of our grammar school boys leave school, often for jobs well below their capacity. Everybody knows this but it has been difficult to do anything about it. What we want to catch for further technical education is the boy of sound but middling abilities (most, but not all, of the high-fliers continue in school to eighteen). Many of these middling boys take up industrial apprenticeships of one kind or another, but many do not. And it is probable that some of those who take apprenticeships, especially of the trade kind, would have been better advised to go on to advanced work in school.

The crux of the problem is, of course, financial; £4 or £5 a week is irresistibly attractive to a boy or girl of sixteen. They promise us and themselves faithfully that they will go on studying part-time in the 'tech', but many fall by the wayside. In some way or another we have to make the 'academic apprenticeship' (i.e., the sixth-form course) roughly as economically attractive as the 'job'. Perhaps the time is fast approaching when we shall have to consider a drastic reorganisation of secondary education, making it compulsory (full time or part time) from the ages of eleven to eighteen, in the two phases:

11-15 main secondary

15-18 advanced secondary ('academic' full-time, or 'industrial' half-time)

And we may have to arrange that the industrial half-time apprentice gets no more money than the 'academic' full-time apprentice. In the meantime, extended day-release, such as I understand is operating well in western Germany (not a backward country industrially), would help.

There is one other aspect of the matter that needs to be mentioned. Many 'middling' boys and girls probably fight shy of the sixth-form advanced course because they know they cannot keep pace with the better pupils. We need in sixth forms a course parallel to the advanced course and at a rather lower level, aiming not at the university but the technical college. It will need accommodation, facilities, generous staffing, and probably close co-operation with the local technical college. And it will not have to be too practical. We make a serious error if we assume, and we often do assume, that technical education at grammar-school level means more and more workshop practice. Industry will provide the workshop practice soon enough; but industry cannot provide that theoretic training in mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology, and, let us add, in the humanities, which those who stand on the threshold of the age of automation will most be in need of.

Yours, etc.,

H. M. DOWLING,
County Grammar School, Head Master
Crewe

Sir,—May I express my appreciation to Sir Francis Simon (THE LISTENER, January 19) for shattering our complacency about western supremacy in the scientific field. May I suggest that if the western democracies could together develop a system of pooling scientists, precious time and resources would be saved. As there is already a degree of specialisation in the various countries, each being traditionally pre-eminent in a particular field, such as chemistry, pharmacology, etc., a plan co-ordinating further scientific

and technological research could produce the maximum results.

After all, any plan for closer economic co-operation between the western democracies, as advocated consistently by Professor J. E. Meade of the London School of Economics, would have to be based on the existing specialisation in technical knowledge in these countries. Moreover, such a plan would make full use of the relatively abundant supply of highly trained scientists from such countries as Italy and Greece, where lack of sufficient industrial development permits the employment of part only of the scientists annually turned out by universities.—Yours, etc.,

Spalding N. P. CONSTANTINIDIS

'Love in a Mist'

Sir,—I read your television critic's notice regarding 'Love in a Mist' (THE LISTENER, February 2) with considerable interest. Far be it from me to disagree with his criticism as such, for it is obvious that our brows are at the opposite ends of the dramatic scale, and I feel, too, that our minds must be of different stamp for I, personally, fail to see the similarity between the Augean stable of French fairground burlesque and a play which has been performed at the behest of the local clergy in practically every parish hall in this country.

However, I must spring to the defence of the author over the question as to whether 'Love in a Mist' is farce or comedy. Your critic was discerning enough to observe that the play is indeed comedy and proceeded to lecture both author and reader on this point for nearly a third of his notice. Unfortunately, his advocacy was aimed in the wrong direction: Mr. Kenneth Horne is not to blame for this misnomer, but a person or persons unknown on the staff of the B.B.C. or *Radio Times*.

In my introduction to the sexual peregrination (as your critic would have it) both on television and in *Radio Times* I was careful to refer to the play as a comedy. The published version of the play describes it as such. So, too, did the programme copy sent to the B.B.C.—all to no avail. A gremlin came between us, the printing press, and your critic. The play was set forth in *Radio Times* as a farce, and needless to say all concerned on the production side of the comedy (including the irate author) realised that the door was open for some critic to indulge in a bout of misplaced didacticism. How right we were—and how ironical that the only one to take advantage of the error should be writing in another B.B.C. publication—the real culprit's sister paper!

We therefore feel somewhat crestfallen to find ourselves reproached on this matter. If only those concerned with the programme matter would have followed 'no more than is set down for them'.

Yours, etc.,
London, S.W.1 BRIAN RIX

[Mr. Hope-Wallace writes:

We appear to differ about the merits of the play. I am relieved to know at least that I was right about its label.]

'Pioneers in Gardening'

Sir,—The reviewer of *Pioneers in Gardening* (THE LISTENER, January 26) suggests that a book on Thomas Andrew Knight is overdue. So it is—for today he seems a much more considerable figure than his brother Richard, who, being of a literary and artistic type, has inevitably received more publicity. But there is a good reason why this is impossible. So far as I know, his private papers and notes are missing. Though he published much, and a good deal of his scientific correspondence remains, to attempt a full life

and a just summary of his achievements without them would be valueless.

With the general turning out of papers that has taken place since 1939, may they have turned up in some unexpected spot and be now lying somewhere, perhaps unrecognised?

Knight was, incidentally, born in 1759 and not 1749 as stated in the review—a difference that has a good deal of significance.

Yours, etc.,
Birmingham, 20 MILES HADFIELD

'Some Prefer Nettles'

Sir,—In his review of Tanizaki's *Some Prefer Nettles* (THE LISTENER, February 2), Mr. Anthony Rhodes writes:

It is about a philosophical Japanese bourgeois who, having admired Western things all his life, leaves his Eurasian wife and returns to traditional Japanese habits.

The hero is in fact a rich Tokyo intellectual (not, *pace* the blurb, quite the same thing). His wife is pure Japanese. The Eurasian (who plays a very subsidiary role) is his mistress. In the course of the novel he leaves neither of them.

Mr. Rhodes sums up by saying that Tanizaki writes:

in pale pastel tones which convey something of Old Japan to a western reader.

The novel is in fact set in Tokyo in the nineteen-twenties.

That *Some Prefer Nettles* (which Mr. Rhodes dismisses in a 'brief note') is a 'masterpiece', seems to me as critically certain as anything can be, but must, I suppose, be entered as a difference of opinion rather than a correction.

Yours, etc.,
Edinburgh HILARY CORKE

[Mr. Anthony Rhodes writes:

Mr. Corke is perfectly right in pointing out that the novel is set in Tokyo in the nineteen-twenties. My contention about the feeling of old traditional Japan which it conveys is not invalidated by this. To a westerner like myself, who has not visited Japan, the atmosphere throughout is one of oriental peace and tranquillity (witness the long puppet-theatre scene)—very far from the militant modern westernised Japan most of us were familiar with recently. Although I am no supporter of this second Japan, I found parts of the book too slow-moving and often dull. I do not believe it deserved a place above the other novels reviewed. On the other point Mr. Corke makes, about confusion of nationalities, Eurasian and oriental, I can only apologise for my error.]

A London Hedgehog

Sir,—Under 'Did You Hear That?' in THE LISTENER of February 2 you record a most interesting talk by Sidney Denham. May I comment on the decision to deal 'immediately and drastically' with the fleas? I have kept and observed hedgehogs for some fifty or sixty years and am convinced that de-fleaing hedgehogs is not good for them. There is some essential physiological factor which the fleas provide. It may be—and I think it is—a skin circulation stimulus that is missing in an animal unable to nudge, massage, scratch, rub, or otherwise keep the skin and its labyrinth of capillaries properly active.

A zoologist friend assures me that I may be right, as the Australian echidna, some armadillos, and particularly that mammalian curiosity the *pangolin* tolerate insect populations in the overlaps at crevices of their armoured bodies and that the cleaned up and deloused animal does not long survive.

Yours, etc.,
Selham A. GUNNER

Art

Round the London Galleries

By PATRICK HERON

F. E. McWILLIAM, who is showing no fewer than forty-six pieces of sculpture, made in a variety of metal cements, at the Hanover Gallery, is one of the most sensitive and civilised of modern sculptors. These are two qualities, of course, not much in favour just at present: and McWilliam has not yet received that full recognition which his fine gifts and his extremely professional attack upon sculptural problems merit. Those current ideals—partly American in origin—which demand an apparently extrovert artisan artist (wielding oxygen-torch or paint-spray), and sculpture or painting which proclaims the spontaneity of the processes whereby it has come into existence—these would tend to exclude such beautifully deliberate, such intellectually satisfying, works as McWilliam's from the Olympus of present fashion. There is a refinement of form and texture, a visible deliberation in the design and formal balance of his figures, which is alien to the rough-welded vigour and simplicity of all that stems, for instance, from Calder.

Yet spontaneity can become a disease: also, it can easily be faked. In painting, for instance, we must begin to realise that because lines are made rapidly by dripping paint in trails across a canvas we are not, for that reason, witnessing an eruption of spontaneous expression. Physical, or muscular, spontaneity, perhaps. But deeply creative expression always involves a marriage of opposites; and I think we can say that the best art balances the uncontrollably eruptive by the long considered, the physically spontaneous by the intellectually calculated. And it is just such a synthesis of fast and slow, of initial energetic gesture and correcting thought, that I feel we now find in McWilliam.

His starting point is the human figure, alone or in groups, standing or sitting, hieratic in suggestion, or domestic, or amorous, or declamatory, or suffering. Lazarus is a greatly affective symbol for McWilliam, who can make of him a sort of bandaged street-lamp form—the kind with a wedge-shaped lantern—and still communicate with intensity the gagged torment of the recently dead man. In fact, McWilliam is striving for the widest synthesis. An attitude, a state of mind, a special moment in the recurring repertoire of human emotions—these are what he now attempts to crystallise as form, to make eloquent in the always nearly surrealist, nearly Gothic images of his tall, thin, upright, knobbly, wire-encrusted figures. Some will accuse him of being too decorative in his textures: they will be missing the subtlety of his invention; in point of fact, every little facet, every knob, every little ripple or knot in his surfaces is used to *construct* the complete form, the total structure. Where the half-submerged wire coils that build up the figure of 'The Pianist II' obtrude through the final washes of the metal cement they have the rhythm of a tachist painting. Thus one may analyse these works into their varied ingredients: the swift, sure articulation of equilibrium in the initial skeleton is there and is Gothic: the chunky planal definition of the masses is cubist: the writhing cement-filled wire textures are tachist: and the meaning of the total image—even where surrealist invention obtrudes—is humanist. This exhibition reveals the authority of a complex, even a diffident, certainly a most subtle, artistic personality; it marks the arrival at full maturity of a most

important sculptor. An example of his work may be seen on the cover.

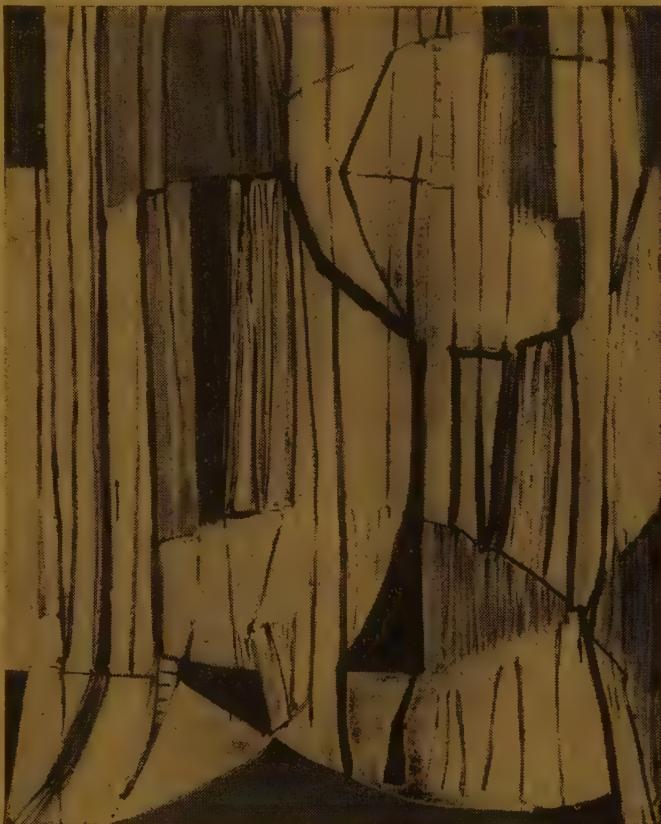
At the Leicester Galleries there is another event of great importance in the small world of forward-looking British artists. Terry Frost's new show (it is still only his second) proves that this hitherto sometimes inexperienced, but always very stimulating, abstract painter has at last broken through to an utterly personal vision, possessing great vitality and power. When he was living at St. Ives, Frost evolved an idiom for

seascape (or 'harbourscape', more accurately) which derived in part from Victor Pasmore's *collages* of 1949-50: rectilinear planes, interfolded, and executed in furry tones of warm browns, blacks, off-whites, or sharp blues. These were threaded by discreet arcs, half discs, or zig-zagging, slice-of-melon forms: the result was not—as you might expect—completely non-figurative (as in Pasmore), but a new type of landscape painting which took as its point of departure the visible rhythmic forms of a whole shoal of tethered boats lying along the surface of harbour-water, their shadows registered on the second plane of the harbour sand, greenly visible below.

Now, Frost has moved to Leeds (where he is the Gregory Fellow in Painting) and it is the bleak strips of the stone-walled fields up the sides of Wharfedale that move him. Although the new Yorkshire pictures predominate, the last St. Ives compositions have been included in this show and their heavier rectangularity contrasts strongly with the new, lighter, altogether quicker rhythm—which has a remarkable, streaky, linear power. In 'Red, Black and White: 1956' (reproduced on this page) the far looser texture of the forms in Frost's new work is at its best: one sees his new vertical-strip-and-stripe configuration at its most tense. There is

a nervous energy in the drawing, a lighter, more feathery, more expressive touch, a subtler and more variegated management of colours and tones. Although their spatial connotation is landscape these strip components in Frost's design have an abstract precision and energy. He is now in the forefront of British painters.

And now to Gimpel Fils, headquarters of the non-figurative, where two truly noble exhibitions—of paintings by William Gear and sculpture by Robert Adams—must surely enhance the already distinguished reputations of these artists. Opposition to abstract painting and sculpture is still ludicrously militant in this country (to our shame, and loss, abroad). Yet the fact is that there now exists a body of British painters and sculptors of truly professional achievement in the wholly or near-abstract field who are already beginning to command enthusiastic support abroad. Unfortunately, insular criticism is largely obscuring this exciting state of affairs from all but the well informed. The new Gears are at first sight rather tight and bleak: but a positive richness in the greys and buffs and a strength in design (born of long experience of painting and of his great natural seriousness) soon become apparent. The new Adams screens and rectilinear bronzes are very beautiful: they are certainly the most important wholly non-figurative sculpture being made by a younger English sculptor today. Like Gear, Robert Adams bestows the lop-sidedness of the organic upon the geometric, giving to an arrangement of cubes and solid rectangles 'the breath of life'.



'Red, Black and White: 1956', by Terry Frost: from the exhibition at the Leicester Galleries

The Listener's Book Chronicle

King James VI and I. By D. H. Willson. Cape. 30s.

OF ALL THE DYNASTIES that have sat on the English throne, the Stuarts probably present the oddest psychological problems. None of them was altogether foolish, yet none was even remotely wise. Eminent only in their stubborn wrongheadedness, remarkable laziness, and constant ingratitude, they have attracted a degree of posthumous adulation which they did little enough in life to justify. Perhaps they were unfortunate in that they have left more evidence of their personal qualities and behaviour than any of their predecessors. In particular this is true of James I whose lack of dignity and facile pen were responsible for accumulating a mountain of detail from which he may be known. As Professor Willson shows in this excellent biography, the result is not one to please that vainest of kings. Immeasurably conceited, cowardly, rash, personally unattractive, invariably volatile at the wrong time, he was about as unfitted as a man could be to take over from the subtle and silent Elizabeth. Thanks to his defects of character, even his good qualities—his learning and shrewdness, his genuine humour (if one can overlook the prurience), his ready and vivid speech, his addiction to peace—were fated to add to his burden. When all allowance is made for a youth spent in the pedantic pursuits of sixteenth-century scholarship and the fantastic alarms of sixteenth-century Scottish politics, the king must still appear a disaster to himself and his kingdoms.

If Professor Willson's book is more remarkable for convinced vigour than for scholarly detachment, this is in itself no doubt a good thing and in any case apparently inevitable where the Stuarts are concerned. (Cf. this review.) Perhaps he is at times inclined to take contemporaries' opinion a trifle uncritically and to judge too definitely. Thus one cannot help feeling that James' activities in taming the Scottish baronage, treacherous and morally indefensible though they may have been, were also the only answer to the problem and represent the sort of thing that has earned much commendation for kings like Louis XI of France and Ferdinand of Aragon. One would like to see the author's striking passages on the first earl of Salisbury rest less on panegyric and more on detailed proof (though he may very well be right). His style suffers occasionally from needless and ugly inversions. But these are very small blemishes in a book which, with great force of argument and a general comprehension of all the issues, displays the first of England's most deplorable line of kings in all his unfortunate variety.

Letters from Madame de Sévigné Selected and translated by Violet Hammersley. Secker and Warburg. 30s.

It is not easy either to recommend or discommend this book. Much can be said to its credit. Mrs. Hammersley knows her subject. She gives a clear account of Madame de Sévigné's life, and the notes appended to the letters are helpful and accurate without being pedantic. She attacks with success the complicated problem of the editions of the letters, and demonstrates how gradually and how confusedly their original text is emerging. Besides possessing scholarship she is a woman of the world, who

does not become prudish or edifying, and in this way she is an appropriate interpreter for Madame de Sévigné, that woman of another world, whose combination of orthodoxy, gaiety, callousness, and caution has often bewildered earnest annotators. The illustrations too are excellently chosen; here is the mother's castle among the trees of Brittany, and here is the daughter's castle, Chateau de Grignan, perched amongst the hills of Provence; here are good portraits of the famous female pair whose relationship—whatever its precise character—has added so much to human pleasure.

So much for the credit side. What of the debit?

Alas! the translation of the letters is so dull that no one who reads it could surmise the quality of the original. Madame de Sévigné cannot be easy to translate, for the way she says a thing is often more important than the thing she is saying. She was not a master of style. She was a mistress of style. She handled words in the direction of delicacy and *nuancerie*, in a direction where Mrs. Hammersley cannot follow her. One concrete example will suffice. In the autumn of 1670 her daughter was staying with her in Paris in order to have a baby. She writes about the approaching event to her son-in-law, and tells him how in the end none of them was ready for it. They had not even got a room ready. She writes the following sentence: '*Monsieur le Coadjuteur et moi nous voulûmes donner à cette chambre un air d'accouchement; elle s'y opposa encore avec un air qui nous persuadait qu'elle n'avait qu'une colique de fille.*' Not an interesting or an important sentence, still three little 'glints' may be observed in it, which reveal the working of an amused and active mind. The first glint is the improvisation of a birth-chamber out of an ordinary room, the second is Madame de Grignan's resistance to such a scheme, and the third is a pseudo-colic. How does Mrs. Hammersley translate this sentence? She eliminates all three 'glints' and gives us: 'The Coadjutor and I wanted to prepare the room for her confinement, but she tried to persuade us it was a false alarm'. She subjects all the letters selected by her to the same dulling process, with the result that only the larger features in them survive. We realise that Madame de Sévigné adored her daughter and is always writing about her or to her. But we do not realise that she is writing to us. And she has been writing to us for nearly 300 years.

Islands of Tomorrow. By John-Erik Elmberg. Hart-Davis. 18s.

For all its urbane scepticism, the Europe that invented the 'noble savage' seems at this distance to have had more certainties than ours to shore it up. Our own demands upon the symbol are intermittent, emotional, and imprecise. As it happens, Mr. Elmberg's exploration of the primitive—through Southern India and Ceylon to the Celebes, New Guinea, and the mountains of New Zealand's North Island—ends with an eighteenth-century touch: penniless in Malmö on his arrival back in Sweden, he used the knowledge picked up from a Papuan and slept in a tree. But what he really brought back from his journey, and how it is to answer our needs, and what the 'tomorrow' of his islands will be or ought to be, are things much harder to define.

The caves in the holy mountain could not be abandoned, for there reposed the bones of chiefs

and mighty priests; there lay the secret entrance to the world in the heart of the mountain. 'If we only had a motor-road', said Te Heu-Heu,

If the author cannot guide us far towards resolving the problem of what is essential to human development, he at least makes no pretence to the detachment of the anthropologist. He is involved in it all, and this is what makes his book compelling to read—this, and a descriptive gift which seems to have been very well served by the translator. As a Swede, Mr. Elmberg was visiting lands where Sweden had not adventured as a power, just after a world war in which Sweden had not been a belligerent, and this gives his account its own place among today's travel-books. He travelled on the smallest financial security or none, and if film failed to follow him for the cinema-pictures he was supposed to make he had other, and sensitive, means of recording the daily lives, beliefs, and ceremonies of the Torajas in the Celebes, the people of Banda Neira in the Moluccas, the Nimborans in New Guinea, and the Tuhoe Maoris. The discomforts he admits, without parading them. The satisfactions are patent, and vividly communicated, haunting the reader long after the book is finished.

The Rise and Fall of Nazi Germany

By T. L. Jarman. Cresset Press. 25s. The Shirt of Nessus. By Constantine Fitz Gibbon. Cassell. 21s.

Mr. Jarman feels that no one has hitherto dealt with the rise and fall of the nazis as one historical episode of measurable significance. He proceeds to provide a fair-minded and competent account of Hitler's stupendous and devastating career until the Russian armies poured into eastern Germany. 'There were scenes of unspeakable horror the stories of which arouse pity. But one must remember Poland and Greece, Warsaw, Belgrade and Rotterdam, and the vast destruction Hitler had wreaked on the Russians themselves: Now there was vengeance'. Occasionally Mr. Jarman seems over-cautious; 'mercy-killing' in nazi Germany, more particularly of the feeble-minded, is not in doubt, and it is an understatement to say that 'the unmarried mother of sound German children was not unfavoured by the nazis', for she was in fact positively encouraged.

In a carefully qualified manner Mr. Jarman is optimistic for the future of Germany. 'Dr. Adenauer has had warm and friendly co-operation instead of the cold-shouldering which was given to Weimar. The Bonn democracy came a little later; it did not have to bear the odium of defeat and post-war suffering. It marked instead a great advance towards independence; and it came in times of economic prosperity. To this extent the auguries were good'. Mr. Jarman's first chapter is called 'The German Enigma', but his conclusion does not solve the enigma which eludes him as it has eluded the many writers on the subject before him. Will the perspective of time reveal the answer to the historians of the future? Sometimes one is tempted to think that the mad, cruel genius of Hitler will elude them even more mockingly.

In the course of his narrative Mr. Jarman finds time to do brief justice to the anti-nazis, from the Scholls to Stauffenberg. Mr. Fitz Gibbon's *Shirt of Nessus* is a study of the attempt upon Hitler on July 20, 1944, and of all those associated with it. It is the first study

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JONATHAN CAPE

of the kind to appear in English, apart from a portion of Mr. Wheeler-Bennett's last book to which Mr. Fitz Gibbon's is in some measure a reply. Anyone familiar with the German literature on this subject will find little that is new in *The Shirt of Nessus* which follows fairly closely such books as Eberhard Zeller's *Geist der Freiheit*.

Mr. Fitz Gibbon writes with attractive fluency and much understanding of the plight of those who try to oppose a modern and merciless despotism from within it. He is probably right in his claim that it would have been better for us all in the long run if the British and American Governments had helped General Ludwig Beck and his friends instead of ignoring them. Even so there was a strong case against the taking of this risk. There were British officials, certainly, who had long had friendly relations with people like Goerdeler or Adam Trott who advised against it because of the alarming indiscretion displayed by the Germans with whom they would have wished to be able to co-operate. It was difficult, too, to feel sure that it was possible to do so when one found a former Jew-baiting nazi like Helldorf among them, or if one listened to the blind nationalism with which some of them continued to talk. And then, as the long years passed without any move on their part, one was bound to wonder whether their plans were really more than ineffectual discontent. Before victory was certain it was a fearful risk to take to break up the grand alliance with the U.S.S.R. for the sake of something so uncertain.

The publisher's blurb claims that Mr. Fitz Gibbon's book offers 'a story reminiscent of the more fantastic type of spy-thriller'. Regarded from the historian's approach it is, while exciting and skilful, yet at times a little naive. For the author seems to accept the glib phrases emanating from German army circles about keeping the army above politics. Masked by words of this kind Seeckt took care to keep real political power in the hands of the army in the days of the Weimar Republic; indeed this was the essential reason for the ghost-like quality of that institution. The claim that the military leaders of Prussia and then Germany had accepted the supremacy of their political counterparts since 1800 was exploded not for the first time by Professor Gordon Craig's excellent book on the *Politics of the Prussian Army*.

Mr. Fitz Gibbon's book contains many interesting photographs. But why is it that there is never a photograph of Adam Trott, who had so many friends, in his own country and in this one, in books about the German opposition to Hitler?

Birds of the British Isles. Volume IV

By D. A. Bannerman.

Oliver and Boyd. 45s.

A Guide to the Birds of Ceylon

By G. M. Henry. Oxford. 42s.

Mammals of the World

By F. Bourliere. Harrap. 60s.

These three books are notable for their beautiful pictures. Dr. Bannerman is indeed fortunate in illustrating his volumes with the splendid coloured plates executed by his friend the late G. E. Lodge, whose skill as a bird-artist has been unrivalled for over half a century. The treatment both of the birds and the backgrounds makes these plates one of the finest sets that has ever been published to illustrate the British birds. This, the fourth volume of Dr. Bannerman's ambitious work, describes the specific characters and gives an account of the life histories of the swifts, nightjars, bee-eaters, hoopoes, rollers,

kingfishers, woodpeckers, cuckoos, and owls. The author devotes an essay to each species. He has a pleasant, discursive style of writing, and his publishers have not curtailed the space at his disposal so that the work, although crammed with facts, is not merely a reference book but makes very entertaining reading both for the amateur ornithologist and for the professional zoologist.

Mr. Henry, one of the most talented of living bird-artists, was for thirty-five years on the staff of the Colombo Museum; he is consequently well qualified to write a *Guide to the Birds of Ceylon*. The main purpose of the book is to enable bird watchers in Ceylon to identify the 400 species which are to be seen in the island, but the volume will also be found serviceable as a guide to most of the common birds of India. Twenty-seven beautifully printed coloured plates and three in black-and-white show 309 of the 403 forms that are described, and skilfully drawn text figures illustrate the remainder.

Professor Bourliere points out that although there are many illustrated books about mammals nearly all the pictures published show animals in captivity. Modern advances in the techniques of miniature and high speed photography have resulted in the accumulation during recent years of splendid collections of photographs of wild animals in their natural habitats. This is one of the first books dealing with the mammals of the world to be illustrated with such photographs. The author's explanatory text, supplemented with many line drawings, starts with an introductory chapter in which the basic principles of anatomy, systematics, and zoogeography are set forth, and continues with descriptions and illustrations of the animals in their natural surroundings, ranging from the great tropical forests to the polar tundras. The book ends with a short study of the ways in which mammals adapt themselves to aerial and aquatic life.

The Proof of Guilt. A Study of the English Criminal Trial. By Glanville Williams. Stevens. 17s. 6d.

Mens Rea in Statutory Offences

By J. L. J. Edwards. Macmillan. 21s. Dr. Glanville Williams' book consists of the seventh series of the annual Hamlyn lectures, the object of which is the furtherance among the 'Common People of the United Kingdom of the knowledge of the Comparative Jurisprudence and Ethnology of the chief European countries . . . to the intent that [they] may realise the privileges which in law and custom they enjoy in comparison with other European peoples'. The book admirably fulfils this object. It should be easily understood by the non-lawyer and of great interest to both lawyers and laymen.

Dr. Williams has selected the six characteristics of the English criminal trial which he considers stand out to the foreign lawyer as matters for inquiry and comment. These are: the position of the judge as umpire; the defendant's freedom from being questioned; the mode of examining witnesses by question and answer; certain rules of the law of evidence; trial by jury, and, for lesser offences, trial by lay magistrates. Each feature is examined critically and compared with the corresponding features of foreign systems. The criterion applied is the extent to which the feature in question promotes the conviction of the guilty and the acquittal of the innocent.

While the virtues of English practice are not overlooked, attention is directed mainly to its defects. Many suggestions for reform are made. The immunity of the accused from questioning at the trial is stigmatised as a 'rule which from

its nature can protect the guilty only'. Interrogation by the prosecutor, it is suggested, would have the advantages of the French system but avoid that appearance of harshness which questioning by the judge entails. The absurdities of the rule against hearsay are deservedly castigated; but the suggestion that first-hand hearsay should always be admissible when it is impossible to produce the declarant is too radical a reform to be likely to secure acceptance.

That much vaunted English institution, the jury, does not escape unscathed. Due account is taken of the praise lavished upon it by eminent lawyers, but the evidence upon which such praise is based is sought in vain. No one knows what happens in the jury room. Judges' statements that their juries have always been right can mean no more than that the judge has always agreed with his juries' verdicts.

While Dr. Williams deals with matters of evidence and procedure, Dr. Edwards is concerned with the substantive law. Before a man can be convicted of a common law crime it must be proved that he foresaw those consequences of his act and knew of those surrounding circumstances which make that act a crime. A man who threw a stone which hit another cannot be convicted of assault unless he foresaw that the stone was likely to hit someone. The receiver of stolen goods cannot be convicted unless it is proved that he knew the goods were stolen. Such foresight and knowledge are known as *mens rea*. In statutory crimes proof of *mens rea* is not always required. Under the Food and Drugs Acts a man has been convicted of selling adulterated milk although he did not know, and had no means of knowing, it was adulterated.

Crimes not requiring *mens rea* are known as offences of 'absolute liability'. The judges have held a great number of statutory crimes to be of absolute liability during the present century. Dr. Edwards' book consists of a detailed and critical examination of the judicial interpretation of criminal statutes. He demonstrates that the judges have been remarkably inconsistent in the effect that they have attributed to such words as 'maliciously', 'wilfully', and 'knowingly' and argues convincingly that such words, properly construed, should require proof of *mens rea*.

The author deplores the fact that a man may be convicted of a crime when he has not a guilty mind and suggests as a *via media* between *mens rea* and absolute liability that the prosecution should have to prove negligence. It would then still be unnecessary for the prosecution to prove, for example, that the seller of milk knew that it was adulterated, but they would have to show (as now they do not) that he *ought* to have known. This is an important book—but the layman will find it heavy going.

The Elizabethan Love Sonnet

By J. W. Lever. Methuen. 25s.

How many thousands have read Shakespeare's sonnets for each one who has attempted the *Amoretti* or *Astrophel to Stella*? Spenser and Sidney were among the best of the Elizabethan sonneteers, yet even in their hands the thing did not become a trumpet or anything like it. Nevertheless, the idea of the sonnet-sequence was essentially a noble one and sprang from the patriotic ambition of raising English poetry to the level achieved by Petrarch on the European continent. To many readers the most valuable part of Mr. Lever's book will be the long section on Shakespeare; perhaps Mr. Lever, for all his careful analysis of the various groups of sonnets in the ill-published book addressed to 'Mr. W. H.', scarcely succeeds in convincing us that the book was intended as a sequence; perhaps it was the sequence to end all sequences. Nevertheless, this would be a valuable study even if it did nothing more than present Shake-

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spare in relation to the other sonneteers of his age.

There is no doubt that Shakespeare is a nuisance to the literary historian; for like all books in which he appears against his contemporary background, this one shows the difficulty, the impossibility, of keeping a just balance. We never know whether to think, 'How good the other Elizabethans were considering the hopeless odds against them!' or 'How poor a thing Elizabethan literature is, all things considered, if Shakespeare is left out!'

On the whole, however, Mr. Lever is not concerned with value. His main aims are to trace the growth of sonnet writing from Wyatt to Shakespeare, to relate it to the continental tradition inherited by Petrarch from the Proven-

cal poets, and to show something of its social and moral connections. The early part of the book, dealing with Petrarch, is fascinating, as is the attempt to defend Wyatt as a sonneteer. Many of the later pages are highly technical and theoretical, and the book has its *longueurs*. But it is closely reasoned and lucidly written; the documentation might have been fuller, and the historical connections of the subject more prominently displayed. The sonnet is discussed a little too much in a vacuum.

Mr. Lever's critical approach is cool and impersonal. The publishers are distinctly secretive about the author, whom indeed one can confidently refer to as 'Mr.' only because of a single reference to his wife at the end of the list of acknowledgements. His writing is refresh-

ingly free from exhibitionism and the airing of idiosyncratic judgements, just as his discussion of the poets eschews nearly all reference to their personal background and what the popular press calls 'love life'. The accent is very much on 'Sonnet' and very little on 'Love', and no doubt this is as it should be. Not only is our knowledge of the personal lives of even the most discussed of pre-seventeenth-century poets scanty, but one of the main tenets in Mr. Lever's thesis is that the Renaissance ideal of art was of something much more impersonal than that of the Romantics in later times. It was a worthy and high-minded ideal; that it failed of realisation, perhaps because it was fundamentally against the English temperament, is no just cause for neglecting the lesser Elizabethans.

New Novels

A Means of Grace. By Edith Pargeter. Heinemann. 15s.

The Dangerous Years. By Richard Church. Heinemann. 15s.

Not Yours the Island. By Daniel Nash. Cape. 12s. 6d.

MISS PARGETER, the author of *A Means of Grace*, is a forensic novelist of great sincerity and integrity. In this book, as in her earlier excellent *A Soldier at the Door*, she has a theme to develop which, to sum it up in one phrase, is man's inhumanity to man in our generation. A discerning critic said of the earlier book, 'it stands a good chance of being chosen by Church and State as the most offensive novel of the year'. The same might be said of the new one.

I call her forensic because her characters are less important than her theme which, in this novel, concerns political propaganda. She tells of an English concert singer whose work takes her between London and Warsaw, a high-principled woman who refuses to accept our 'Iron Curtain' propaganda. Equally, she will not swallow the eastern brand, about 'the decadent democracies'. She has friends in Warsaw whom she respects as human beings—and that is enough. To the British journalists who interview her on her return from a concert tour there, hoping for a 'scoop' about the abjectness of the Poles under communism, she is indignant and sarcastic.

'It sounds', she says at one point, to the Polish lover in Warsaw who shares her views, 'as though you and I are the most committed people in the world. Committed to being uncommitted—uncommitted to any cause in the world smaller than truth'. To which he replies, 'To most people it will look much more like simple fence-sitting. Both sides hate the uncommitted. They'll want to implicate us or destroy us'. That these two high-principled people, very much in love, refuse to leave their respective countries, to marry, because they feel that their duty lies with 'the land that nourished them', is a proof that Miss Pargeter cannot be accused of lack of patriotism. She makes the patriotic point, too, that you can only forsake your country if you are expelled from it; you must on no account leave it voluntarily. And the Polish lover of her heroine has no political reasons for leaving his and coming to England.

But Miss Pargeter can be accused of writing a novel that is much more wordy than *A Soldier at the Door*, and too full of politics. It is obviously difficult to write fiction *against* politics, without bringing in politics; and in these Marxist lands, it seems, even when the very human Polish family gossip round the kitchen table, they can't avoid the subject. Even if you want to show that 'the Party' is inhuman, it

seems to be so vital to life in Poland, on Miss Pargeter's own showing, that it has become almost alive, a Leviathan. And it is not the function of a good novelist to make Leviathan a main character, except in satire—and Miss Pargeter is without humour. This is the chief fault in a novel which succeeds by the sheer personal conviction of the author.

The Dangerous Years by Richard Church is about two people in late middle-age who fall in love. It recalls Miss Sackville-West's well-known novel on the same theme, *All Passion Spent*. But while hers, as the title indicates, leaves out physical love, Mr. Church's has almost as much passion as there is in a Ouida romance. The passion is deftly concealed, it is true—but like those rests in the music he is always referring to (music is a subsidiary theme of his novel), omissions are often more eloquent than the most strident assertions. When his elderly heroine gently puts her arm in the retired colonel's as they stroll in the streets of Paris, Mr. Church manages to suggest as much as the most passionate of embraces.

Sometimes, illogically it seems, an experienced male novelist with this kind of sensibility is well equipped to depict the emotions of an elderly female (Mrs. Moore in *A Passage to India* is another example). Such is Mr. Church's skill, that we have no difficulty in understanding, almost feeling, how the colour mounts to the cheeks of this genteel lady on her visit to Paris, as she sits in a left bank bistro, sipping the genial Beaujolais, so deceptively innocent in its country freshness'. This type of sentence incidentally, of which there are many, would afford the Mitford-Waugh group of language purists considerable opportunities for derision. For Mr. Church, in describing his heroine's gentility, is often genteel himself—'her Persian lamb coat with hat to match was dainty, giving her a diminutive quality that enhanced her trim figure and lovely outline of cheeks and brow. Her silvery hair peeped out from under the toque. The Colonel's eyes were hungry . . .'. It is the only criticism, a parochial one, that can be made of a deeply felt piece of writing.

Mary Winterbourne, the heroine, is an English widow of independent means, whose life has been devoted for years to good works, charity bazaars, church fetes, etc. Accompanied by her daughter on the long planned holiday to Paris she finds, in a retired British colonel, an autumnal romance she had never even contemplated. With the colonel, she goes off on a

number of sight-seeing tours in Paris, arm in arm, whispering blandishments. So subtly does Mr. Church handle this difficult situation, that at no time is there any question for us—as there is for the sarcastic urchins who observe them on a bench in the Luxembourg gardens—of putting our fingers to our lips and whistling. There are a number of other lives ingeniously woven into those of the widow and the colonel, including one of a nine-year-old musical prodigy drawn, quite clearly, from the young Mozart. On this secondary theme, Mr. Church displays his considerable knowledge and love of music, without ever becoming tedious or technical.

Not Yours the Island by Daniel Nash is also a topical book. It deals with the struggle for independence of a Greek Mediterranean island—governed by the British! I found it particularly interesting for its explanation of why archimandrites, patriarchs, and the rest of the Greek clergy, presumably men with allegiance to Christ, spend their time encouraging arson, bomb-throwing, throat-slitting and so forth—so many Popes Julius the Second. The explanation is simple. These unfortunate people, during their 'black 400-year night' under the Turk, lost all ability to produce any kind of civil leader; their hands like their minds atrophied. Only the Church, slumbering underground as it did in Rome in its crypts and catacombs, managed to keep alive; and later, when the Turk wilted, it was the priests who raised the standard of revolt. This is all so relatively recent that, to these people, an archimandrite is merely a Major-General wearing a black instead of a red hat.

Mr. Nash's well-written novel (written, presumably, some months before the recent troubles in Cyprus), displays astonishing prescience. It is like reading a fictionalised account of what we read daily in the newspapers. Churches are arsenals by night of smuggled weapons, the Easter feast becomes a feast of 'terrorism'; the ikon of the Holy Virgin crashes to the ground as the bridal couple (a local girl and a British soldier) stand at the altar, surrounded by suspicion and hate. Against all this, standing presumably for Christianity in its more pristine state, is the lone figure of Father Athanasios, an old man who does his work as a parish priest for the benefit of all human-beings. The book ends with his knowledge that his compatriots are about to murder him. It is a tragic tale. Everyone interested in the future of our territories abroad should read it.

ANTHONY RHODES

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting DOCUMENTARY

Conversation Pieces

IN TELEVISION CONVERSATION PIECES, such as 'Press Conference', sound is the dominant factor and the camera develops a spurious alertness, like a pathetically eager newcomer to a job which does not really exist. We are interested, and often glad, to see the people who will do the talking, but we do not particularly wish to study their crow's-feet or the pimples on their cheeks. It is the microphone, not the camera, which makes the programme. Always, there is the sense of an undecided function, whether to dwell on some faces more explicitly than on others, whether to risk the close-up (repeated, not always an endearing device), whether the mid-shot, which for the viewer is seldom much better than no shot at all.

Last Friday evening's session of 'Press Conference' renewed our awareness of a persisting limitation of television. After introducing us to Francis Williams, as nominal chairman of the panel, George Scott (*Truth*), William Connor (*Daily Mirror*), Alastair Buchan (*The Observer*), and Antony Head, Secretary of State for War, who was in the seat of interrogation, there was practically nothing that the camera could do to sustain our attention. Its reiterated swinging about, however smoothly accomplished, tended to become a nuisance. It would have been a relief to be able to turn off the picture and concentrate on the spoken word, though there was no hoped-for argumentative fury.

The subject, mainly, was National Service and we can agree that the discussion was worth listening to, the more so because the producer, whose name I see is Peggy Broadhead, had evidently persuaded her team to avoid the verbal jamming which was the flaw in some of the earlier programmes of the series. If we were instructed in logistics rather than in logic, we can say that we were informatively entertained. That is the pith of the documentary formula. As the central personage, the Secretary of State faced us with not too much ministerial self-assurance and an agreeable fluency of utterance in a pleasant-sounding voice. This was his first essay in 'personal appearance' television. He made good use of his opportunity. Despite the pictorial inhibitions, 'Press Conference' remains one of B.B.C. television's best programmes of the documentary order and there would surely be much disapproval if it were dropped from the planning schemes. It often takes us into the heart of important issues and there is the further point that it puts on view representatives of a profession which it is the fashion to decry but which is indispensable to the maintenance of a free society.

'The Brains Trust', on Sunday afternoons, is at a similar technical disadvantage, though its producer, John Furness, has more obviously given thought to the besetting problem. His cameras do often succeed in avoiding pictorial monotony, if only narrowly, and he has mastered the huddling which in some other programmes makes television seem to be still in the toy stage. Even so, the members of 'The Brains Trust' must reconcile themselves to the fact

that listening to them is more rewarding than looking at them. Their comparatively new chairman, Alan Melville, who started off too pertly for some of us, has readjusted his style and now proves to have been a good choice. His terminal asides often supply the programme's rarest ingredient, wit. That more casually chatty Sunday afternoon offering of B.B.C. television, 'Talk Of Many Things', was apparently devised in a hurry to offset similar happenings in Channel 9. Either it or 'The Brains Trust' is redundant, a matter of personal preference. Now and again 'Talk Of Many Things' has its moments, as, for example, last Sunday when Beverley Nichols spoke out against jazz music with

talker who has no trouble in restraining the have-you-heard-this-one urge of the average of his professional kind. That may be a result and an advantage of being a two-career man: British Industries Fair boss by day, 'comic' by night. The programme, in which we also met the comedian's wife, his partner Murdoch, and his stepdaughter—she had come stealthily from Switzerland to take her place in this animated family album—was charmingly informal and easy to watch. The substance of it could have been contained in a gossip paragraph. Its entertainment value was higher. That it had any more lasting virtue is hardly a pressing question.

If B.B.C. television interviews are a sign, there is an interesting reaction from the tedious *camaraderie* of the post-war years when 'Joe's Café' was exalted as the prime social microcosm and the 'Ta, dear', of the bus conductresses was construed as the first notes in a diapason swell of universal love. In 'Sportsview', popular heroes are now scrupulously addressed as 'Mr.' So-and-so, no longer as Tom, Dick, and Harry. In 'Highlight' recently, a youth of seventeen who had won a medal was most respectfully accorded the impersonal appellation and that not once but three times. The too free use in public of nicknames and familiar diminutives was roundly condemned in a 'commercial' panel game the other night. Television appears to be reviving a form of self-consciousness which was thought to have vanished with the top hat, visiting cards, and an older generation of barmaids.

REGINALD POUND



The Rt. Hon. Antony Head, Secretary of State for War, in 'Press Conference' on February 10

Humphrey Lyttelton's trumpet blowing his words back into his face.

Sound and vision were in closer harmony in 'At Home' with Kenneth Horne, the comedian, in his Kensington flat, a fourth-floor appointment which probably called for much technical adroitness, remembering the equipment involved. Here the cameras of the producer, Humphrey Fisher, were manipulated so well that there was no distortion of perspectives. Probably the eye was preoccupied by exploring the domestic environment of a personality well known to us. It did not tell us much about Kenneth Horne, except that he appears to disdain *bric-à-brac*. In conversation with Hywel Davies, the interviewer, he disclosed himself as an attractively modest



As seen by the viewer: Cruft's Dog Show on February 11—left, a greyhound, Treetops Golden Falcon, Supreme Champion for 1956; right, the runner-up, a wire-haired fox terrier, Caradochouse Spruce

DRAMA

Contrasts

IN THE 'MUSIC AT TEN' programme on Sunday night, a series which has brought us some really distinguished music and television in the last years, there was the second of a course called 'Contrasts'. This is frankly popular, not to say catchpenny, and nothing wrong with it as such. The conductor has the admired shade of transatlantic accent. Vanessa Lee, a very pretty singer, sang a ballad in a swing which came from a new American 'musical'. A Paddy tenor, Dennis Martin, sang 'Phil the Fluter's Ball'. We heard an arrangement of 'The British Grenadiers' and selections from Ivor Novello's



Photographs: John Cura

master-works. But it seems to me to represent a lowering of standards. Is it necessary? Are not the people who like that kind of programme amply catered for? Would not a bolder policy pay in that one instance? Or is it now felt that the lure of the Independent Television alternative, 'Sunday Night at the Palladium' is so strong that a rival in the shape of a pier-pavilion type of concert is now called for? I would make it clear that I do not condemn the programme as such, nor raise the foolish cry of 'Slush!' But I register a mild regret.

One answer might be that anyhow Sunday is amply serious enough—a play about the boyhood of Christ, and another play about arsenic in the back kitchen in the evening, being thus properly balanced by a very 'low-brow' concert. The religious play, which is the first of several to be presented in Children's Television between now and Easter, is tactful and simple: a colloquial retelling of the Gospel story. Joy Harington is an expert at this kind of thing, but I am bound to say I did not think this prologue came very convincingly to life: nothing like, in fact, as good as that other play which was also concerned with the home life of Jesus, a play called 'Family Portrait' and was so quickly apologised for. Of the suitability and congruity of doing such plays at all, opinions are bound to differ. But they ought not to be dull: dullness and suitability are so easily confused when it comes to religious works.

The evening play, 'Manhandled', held my attention, especially for Rosalie Crutchley's acting and for the excellent pictorial values worked out by Richard Wilmot and Andrew Osborn. The overcrowded parlour at the back of the grocer's, with its pampas grasses and tell-tale mirrors, was a convincing home for murder. But disbelief crept in for other reasons. There is a stage convention whereby characters overhear things only when the author wishes it. This has to be so, for the gallery also must hear what the plotters are plotting. But in television drama there is no need to reach the back of the gallery and I protest against the bad habit of would-be murderers plotting together in stentorian whispers at the foot of a staircase. Though I hasten to say I have never plotted a murder, I know that in real life one would move away from the stairs, not knowing who might be listening round the bend of the banisters.

There was another improbability: that the wicked Irish sailor, having seduced the compliant, evil-minded Bridget, should maul her amorously in front of the family doctor. This would surely arouse suspicion in Hampshire in 1895. However, the plot, though a little creaky here and there, held up quite well. Carol Marsh was reasonably pathetic and convincing as the little orphan whom the horrid housekeeper hoped to oust as Grocer Finlay Currie's legatee: and Philip Ray as the doctor who tricked the wicked ones and Robert Brown as the arch-villain were plausible even to the end. Most of the best acting, however, was Miss Crutchley's: finely calculated and indeed worthy of better dialogue. All in all the play gave the same degree of pleasure as a fair-to-average film.

The earlier part of the week also contained some watchable drama, including yet another one from Iain MacCormick, 'Act of Violence', which was a canter through the same country as Sartre's 'Crime Passionnel', a play of a stature which I am sure Mr. MacCormick will



Scene from the prologue, on February 12, to the cycle of eight plays in Children's Television, 'Jesus of Nazareth', with (left to right) Gwendolyn Watford as Mary, George Woodbridge as Joseph, and Richard Palmer as Jesus

attain to, if he does not write himself out first. Melodrama plus something else is what could make the difference.

Looking still further back, I find that while I am happy to forget the Tin Pan Alley Show of Monday, the feast served up for Princess Margaret, which was raucous and vulgar in so far as I can recall any of its details, the Tuesday play, 'The Tamer Tamed', was a well sustained piece of fun, cleverly accentuated by Anthony Pelissier's production trick of presenting it as a play within a play, or, at least, a play within a studio. This tale of the after-life of Petruchio and the Shrew Katharina and the trick she played on the bully while keeping to her side of the bargain which concludes Shakespeare's play is a witty idea, and its author, Elaine Morgan, works up a most amusing pastiche of Shakespearean dialogue, often with 'real' lines taken out of context. The performances by Robert



'Manhandled' on February 12, with (left to right) Philip Ray as Dr. Fenley, Rosalie Crutchley as Bridget Cullen, and Carol Marsh as Millie Dawes

Urquhart, as the tamed tamer, Anna-bell Maule, Avice Landone, and especially Judy Campbell as the reformed scold, were deft and charming.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting DRAMA

Full Length

SHAMEFULLY, I SUGGESTED two years ago, that 'The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde'—by all means let us wave the banner of the name—is better when it is compressed; that, across an evening, it can tail off, fray. The judgement was too rash, too unadvised, too sudden. I have just swallowed the words as anxiously as Edward Hyde swallowed his watery green liquid in the presence of Lanyon. In any event, I should have remembered that my first meeting, long ago, with Jekyll and Hyde in the theatre had excited me as little before it had done. Last week, after beginning to listen with no special expectancy to Lance Sieveking's radio version (Light), directed by Raymond

Raikes, I found that from three o'clock of that black winter morning of 1883, onwards, the old tale exercised full authority and marched me, shivering, with it.

Radio is the proper medium. In the theatre we might now be less astonished by a snarling Hyde's change to Jekyll in the candlelight; at home we can always listen and believe, imagine for ourselves the moment when Hyde measures a few minims of the red tincture into a graduated glass, adds one of the powders, watches the mixture boil and smoke, and in due course reels, staggers, clutches, melts, and alters. No wonder, we say, that Dr. Lanyon's life was 'shaken to its roots'. The virtues of the Sieveking play are its faithfulness and its directness. Stevenson told his story as well as anyone could; for the stage it has to be manipulated, and we can be too worried about the actor's quick changes, his way with the tricky wig (can he do it in time?) to get the true horror. All was well on radio where the chill matched the freezing night outside. Cyril Shaps proved to be a consummate black-and-white artist, and Manning Wilson, Richard Williams, Gordon Davies (Enfield, 'the well-known man about town'), and the rest were always in the vein. Why did I babble once about compressions? Surely the hand that wrote the words must have been 'lean, corded, knuckly, of a dusky pallor, and thickly shaded with a swart growth of hair . . . the hand of Edward Hyde'?

Though Wilfrid Grantham had trimmed with an expert's pruning-knife, we had still nearly four hours of Thomas Dekker's double play, 'The Honest Whore' (Third). Agreed, there were two nights for the purpose. Collectors (count me among them) will have been grateful, though I did feel at times, and guiltily, that portions of the play had a mainly academic interest. Candido, that miracle of patience (he and Griselda would have been a pair), though spoken far better than his deserts by Maurice Denham, seems to have fallen to the dust. We are more at home with the main business, with Bellafront, the courtesan who, as she says, 'proves an honest whore', both in the first part of the piece when she seeks Hippolito and in the second half, curious reversal, when he seeks her. Mary Wimbush kept the woman vividly before us. Dekker was fonder of Bellafront than

of anyone else in his crowded play. The other characters have a trick of stiffening to dummies when we least expect it, but we can rarely say of Bellafront that she is talking for talking's sake in the routine fashion of the Jacobean stage.

Hippolito is apt to do this, though Denis Goacher humanised him and certainly let rip in that early plain speech to Bellafront as the dramatist would have wished (Mr. Grantham discreetly clipped the passage). Why Dekker should have returned to these people after twenty-five years is a mystery, but he enjoyed his exercise in parallelism. If in performance the effect was intermittent, the fault was the dramatist's, not that of Mr. Grantham and his company who worked most ardently to keep us in a Milan strangely like Dekker's London (Bethlem, Bridewell, and all). I tried hard, and unsuccessfully, to appreciate the father, Orlando Friscobaldo. Hazlitt called him one of the characters that 'raise, revive, and give a new zest to our being'. Malcolm Keen filled out the part as well as possible; I would like to cross-examine Hazlitt about it. There are, by the way, several signs in this piece to show that Dekker wrote Shakespeare. 'Set down the body', cries Hippolito in the first moment. What is that but Gloucester's 'Set down the corse'?

We can never have an Ibsen play at full length; so much has happened as a rule before curtain-rise. 'Little Eyolf' (Third), produced by Peter Watts on Sunday in a new version by Michael Meyer, does not take long to perform, but it is quite long enough: this is among the sterner tests. Its first act is excitingly by the master-builder; later, Ibsen is damply uncompromising. A mist clings to the fjord. Sunday's production took us accurately through the agonising and remorse. Even if one doubts whether her voice, like Janet Achurch's (according to Shaw), has the 'compass of a military band', Maxine Audley firmly established the possessive tigress. 'I cannot share you with anyone' reminded us of Mr. MacNeice's Saul on the previous Sunday: 'I could never bear to share things'.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

The Pursuit of Privacy

IN A DRILY AMUSING talk of fifteen minutes called 'They Stayed in Bed' Cecil Woodham-Smith grouped together Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Florence Nightingale, Charles Darwin, and Harriet Martineau on the strength of the fact that, although not strictly bedridden, each of them led the life of an invalid for some years. At first sight Mrs. Woodham-Smith's title suggested that prince of slugabeds Oblomov, the hero of Goncharov's novel of that name, who spent his life in bed for no better reason than that he was too lazy to get up. But none of Mrs. Woodham-Smith's four personages was lazy, on the contrary one and all were hard workers and built up a considerable reputation for themselves. Of the four, Miss Martineau's has by now dwindled to nothing and Mrs. Browning's has shrunk to the point at which it rests less on her poetry than on her name, so that it would be profitless for me to boast in young or even middle-aged company that I once read all through 'Aurora Leigh'. As for Darwin, after his five-year voyage in the *Beagle* and his marriage, he led a somewhat valetudinary life, but though his day's work occupied only about two hours and he spent a good deal of it on a sofa, he managed to include no less than three walks. Harriet Martineau, it is true, spent six years in bed, but mesmerism got her out of it and she lived and worked till the age of

seventy-four. Mrs. Woodham-Smith suggests convincingly that what these four people were really after was the solitude in which to follow their vocations.

In a programme called 'The Travellers', four people—Eric and Susan Hiscock, who last October completed a voyage round the world in a small boat, Edward Allcard, already a lonely voyager of some experience, who intends to set out on a world circumnavigation in March, and Torstein Raaby, wireless operator of the *Kon-Tiki* expedition—were prompted by Peter Scott to discuss their various experiences. The subtitle of the broadcast was 'The Loneliness of the Great Oceans', yet none of the voyagers seemed to have been aware of loneliness, not even Mr. Allcard, who sails all by himself. On the contrary he seemed surprised at Mr. Scott's suggestion that he might sometimes have felt lonely. It was a good discussion in which all seemed so full of their theme and so interested in comparing experiences that they forgot they were being broadcast.

The intermittent series called 'The Archaeologist' chose Maiden Castle near Dorchester for its subject last week. The speakers were Sir Mortimer Wheeler, Jacquette Hawkes, Stuart Piggott, and Lieut.-Col. C. D. Drew. Excavations during four summers before the war have added many fascinating details to the history of the place, but what brought an exceptional vividness was the discovery and excavation of the earliest known war-cemetery in which the inhabitants buried their dead after the successful assault on the town by the Romans under Vespasian. Other finds showed that the attack was preceded by a catapult barrage. After capturing Maiden Castle the Romans retired, taking hostages with them, and the vanquished hurriedly buried their dead in a trench, throwing them in, men and women, as they found them, but not forgetting the customary offerings of food for the souls of the dead. It is when the accumulation of discovered facts combines into a dramatic event such as this that the dust of history leaps to sudden and startling life.

Maiden Castle recurred as a British stronghold and Sir Mortimer Wheeler as chairman in a programme next evening called 'Who Were the Britons?'. This was the first of a series of eight under the general title 'Roman Britain'. The speakers were Professor C. F. C. Hawkes and C. A. Raleigh Radford, and we were given an impression of the people and land of Britain at the time of Julius Caesar's invasion in 55 B.C. For listeners who still believed that our forebears of that time were barbarians who went about in nothing but woad it must have been reassuring to hear that some of them wore plaid trousers. There was much growing of corn and breeding of cattle and considerable trade with the continent, and examples of British art in gold and enamel survive. Already in the first century the grander people drank Roman wine from Roman cups. This promises to be a series well worth following.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Bartók and Mozart

AN EXCEPTIONALLY LARGE NUMBER of first-rate concerts and recitals call for notice this week. Outstanding among them were Herbert von Karajan's programme of Mozart, which did more than a little to redress the adverse balance of the bicentenary celebrations to date, and the Wednesday symphony concert in the Home Service, in which André Gertler played Bartók's Violin Concerto with the B.B.C. Orchestra under Sir Malcolm Sargent.

It is difficult to believe that we shall ever hear a better performance of Bartók's concerto. The

violinist was absolute master of his music, making sense of every phrase and, further, giving the utmost expressiveness to the melody. Half the difficulty that listeners find in understanding new music in a strange idiom arises from the fact that the performers themselves have not fully mastered the idiom and so cannot communicate its meaning. Bernard Shaw once told me that when as a youth he heard the 'Lohengrin' Prelude, the orchestra had no real notion of how it should be played. And it sounded appalling, because the performers, not understanding it themselves, could not communicate its sense to the audience. Such is the handicap under which original thinkers must always labour, but composers of music are, above all other artists, subject to the limitations of their interpreters.

Here, then, in Gertler's performance and in the excellent accompaniment provided by the orchestra, was Bartók's concerto fully revealed as a work not merely of staggering virtuosity—we knew it was that—but of a more ravishing melodic beauty than I, at least, had realised. The melody, tingling with sensibility, is set off by those harsh and bitter interjections of the orchestra, and those outbursts of rough temper (*ruvido* is the marking) in the solo part, which represent one side of the composer's nature. One gets the impression of a personality sensitive to the verge, if not beyond it, of neuroticism. And, listening to the second performance of it in the Third Programme, I found its restlessness and agitation begin to 'get on my nerves', communicating its own sense of exasperation.

Mozart, too, was a composer of great nervous sensibility, but he kept his sensitiveness under a greater discipline than, perhaps, a modern artist can. For the formalities of the eighteenth century were there, like the protocol for behaviour at Court, to restrain any excess. But this does not detract from Mozart's actual achievement, his attainment of a perfect equilibrium, so that his greatest music moves upon the hair-line equator between the poles of classicism and romanticism. Von Karajan brought out this dualism in the great C major Symphony and struck the balance beautifully, with perhaps a slight leaning towards the romantic side in the slow movement. And Clara Haskil, happily recovered from her illness, was there to give an exquisitely beautiful performance of the Concerto in A major (K.488), in which the finale was probably taken faster than Mozart would have approved. The pianist paid the penalty of stumbling over the opening phrases. One of the particular joys of this performance was the beauty of the playing of the Philharmonia Orchestra's wood-winds which the conductor (and the broadcast) kept well in focus.

Another excellent performance, especially on the violinist's part, was that of Beethoven's 'Kreutzer' Sonata, Opus 47, by Jean Fournier and Ginette Doyen. This is one of those great masterpieces for which I, personally, have more admiration than affection. However, prejudice need not lessen applause for M. Fournier's performance with its noble tone and sensitive phrasing. Apart from an occasionally noisy outburst his partner supported him well though without making such a positive contribution to the performance. The same might be said of Frederick Stone's capable playing with Hermann von Beckerath of Beethoven's Violoncello Sonata in A major (Opus 69) and Brahms' in F major (Opus 99). Beethoven's work fared the better of the two, for Brahms' pianoforte-writing calls for greater warmth and richness than was forthcoming.

A performance of 'Oedipus Rex' under Stravinsky's direction showed this to be the most successful product of his neo-classic phase, and, for all its Cocteauisms, the nearest approach attained in modern times, that is from Monteverdi onwards and not even excluding Gluck, to

the spirit of Greek tragedy. This recording has the advantage of Cocteau's beautiful diction as narrator, Peter Pears' flinty tenor which is exactly the right vehicle for Oedipus' music, Heinz Rehfuss' well-differentiated singing as

Creon and the Messenger, and, not least, Otto von Rohr's magnificent bass in the part of Tiresias. The weak point vocally is Martha Mödl's Jocasta.

An admirable performance, under Erede's

direction, of 'Don Pasquale', with Alda Noni, Sesto Bruscantini, and Italo Tajo as the principals, was somewhat marred by a recording which sounded dry and lacking in resonance.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Mozart's Music for Piano and Violin

By HANS KELLER

The Sonatas K.306, K.378, and K.380, and the Variations K.360 will be broadcast at 8.0 p.m. on Tuesday, February 21 (Third)

MOST musicologists call them the piano sonatas with violin accompaniment, and most musicians call them the fiddle sonatas. Both are right—the scholars, because they use Mozart's description, to which he remained faithful to the last; and the musicians, because there is more musical point in calling 'Tristan' an orchestral opera with vocal accompaniment than in giving, say, the great D major Sonata, K.306, its rightful title. But Mozart was not one for changing conventional names; he always changed essences rather than appearances. Besides, the piano naturally came first, not only in duos, trios, and quartets: in his thematic catalogue, he described, for instance, 'The Violet' as 'A Song for Piano and Voice'. When, on the other hand, he wrote a piano sonata or phantasy or rondo, he put 'for the piano alone'.

It is, however, only in the earliest piano (or harpsichord) sonatas (1762-66) with violin that all the latter does is not to leave the clavier quite 'alone'; from the so-called Mannheim Sonatas (K.296 and K.301-6) onwards, the fiddle doesn't leave the piano alone in a more colloquial sense. What had happened meanwhile was that Mozart had been stimulated towards a more violinistic approach to the problem of the duo by a composer called Schuster, whose identity has not yet been established. On October 6, 1777, he wrote from Munich, on his way to Mannheim: 'I send my sister herewith six duets for clavicembalo and violin by Schuster, which I have often played here. They are not bad. If I stay on I shall write six myself in the same style, as they are very popular here'.

Einstein suggests that the Mannheim Sonatas would be 'better called the Palatinate Sonatas' because Mozart dedicated K.301-6 as Op. 1 to the Electress Palatine. But although two of them were actually written in Paris, 'Mannheim' seems to me more relevant. In fact, the first movement of the last, K.306 (Paris, summer 1778), transforms a typical Mannheim device—the reversed reprise (Johann Stamitz!)—into a revolutionary structural principle anticipating not only such complex master forms as the finale of the G major Quartet, K.387, but far beyond, the latest developments of sonata thought in Schönberg's First Chamber Symphony or in his twelve-tonal Third Quartet.

The omission of the opening theme from the beginning of the recapitulation can be made to serve a seamless merging of development and recapitulation. Like monothematicism, such telescoping characterises, in fact, both the earliest and the latest stages of sonata development. The marvel about Mozart is that he is early chronologically, but late historically: under the guise of a fairly conventional device, he composes not like Stamitz, but like Schönberg. The second subject of this 'Mannheim' movement is so constructed that its open, modulatory antecedent can, by way of harmonic variation, assume the function of a lead-back: before you know where you are, you are firmly embedded in the recapitulation. The violin carries the form through these narrow passes, while the piano is in charge of the first subject which, in the recapitulation,

is drawn in wonderful structural perspective, i.e. merely in a foreshortened coda version.

Mozart's own precedent for this form is, it may be remembered (see THE LISTENER, January 12), the first movement of the famous Violin Concerto in the same key. The relationship does not stop here. The second and last movements are in fact in *concertante* style. In the finale, there even is a joint cadenza (*cf.* Aminta's aria with *concertante* violin from 'Il r̄ pastore', the Sinfonia Concertante, K.364, or the 'Et incarnatus est' from the C minor Mass), though here at last the piano reasserts its leading role.

Mozart included one of the Mannheim Sonatas, K.296, in his Op. II, whose No. 4 is the B flat Sonata, K.378, which he probably composed at Salzburg at the beginning of 1779. No. 6, the last of the set, is the E flat Sonata, K.380, probably composed in the summer of 1781 in Vienna. Karl Friedrich Cramer's *Magazin für Musik* commented anonymously on the entire *opus*: '... the accompaniment of the violin is so artfully combined with the clavier part that both instruments are kept constantly alert; so that these sonatas require just as skilful a player on the violin as on the clavier'. Like the late A major Sonata, the B flat work has indeed come to be included in the violin virtuoso's recital repertoire and is so well known that it hardly needs our detailed attention. The E flat Sonata, on the other hand, though likewise a work both brilliant and profound, is not, unfortunately, common knowledge. The subtle rhythmic structure of the opening movement's second subject with its partial displacement of the bar accent is among Mozart's most characteristic inventions: the theme starts in the middle of the 4/4-bar without, however, an ordinary or gavotte-inspired half-bar's upbeat. The *andante* is in Mozart's own G minor—a singular choice of key in an E flat composition. But once again Mozart keeps up appearances, even though he turns them inside out: had the work been in G minor, the slow movement would most naturally have been in E flat (the subdominant being the subdominant of the relative major), as it is in both G minor Symphonies or the G minor Quintet.

The little-known Six Variations on the French tune, 'Hélas, j'ai perdu mon amant', K.360, are in G minor too; in fact, it is likely that they were written shortly before the E flat Sonata, in June, 1781. The 6/8 theme has the usual *siciliana* possibilities which are duly exploited, but it is not sufficiently pregnant to make its choice seem a matter of course. In such cases, it would seem profitable to ask oneself whether there is any *point of harmonic vulnerability* in the otherwise fixed harmonic scheme which attracted the composer, providing him with opportunities for harmonic variation.

The *andantino* theme's rhythmic structure is symmetrical, except that a turn to, and interrupted cadence in C minor, with ensuing diminished seventh towards G minor, produces a cadential extension of two bars in what would otherwise have been an 8+8-bar sentence. This

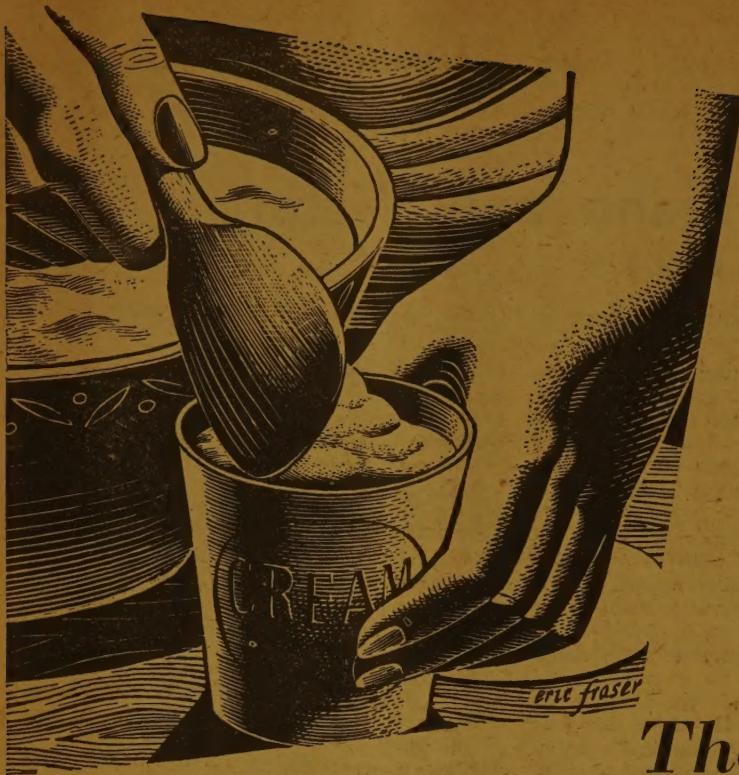
is where Mozart comes in: the variations will be heard to develop harmonic modifications at the stage indicated in my example (which gives the violin part in the middle):



Indeed, throughout the piece, Mozart is as it were looking forward to the G major variation (the fifth) which, at this juncture, commits him to an altogether new modulation to the dominant. The violin part of the preceding triplet variation contains a striking preview of the second fiddle's triplets in the second of the great D minor Quartet's final variations—again on a *siciliana*-like theme in a Mozartian minor key.

The basic problem of Mozart's music for piano and violin is textural: the two instruments have developed away from each other and do not naturally 'mix'. How often one hears a pianist who thinks that just because he has 'got the theme', he need not bother about adjusting his tone to the violin's! And how often, on the other hand, does one hear a fiddler who plays, say, the initial accompaniment in K.378 with a 'golden tone', *molto espressivo e molto vibrato*, and metrically scanned into the bargain! The only way to achieve a musical blend and balance is for the pianist to feel that he is playing a violin sonata, and for the violinist to feel he is playing a piano sonata.

A History of Welsh Literature, by Thomas Parry, is published by the Oxford University Press, price 50s. In Wales poetry is a social diversion, therefore respectable. Today's farmwife can and does celebrate the Women's Institute outing in measures which were old when used by medieval court poets as frames for professional flatteries. The consonantal and vowel echoes traditional to Welsh poetry are as intricate as the requirements of social intercourse. In this society good prosody becomes good manners, and respect for established forms of verse a form of respect for social custom. But conformity is of greater advantage to society than to art. When sound means so much more than sense there is a danger that popular judgement may confuse genius and ingenuity, especially when genius on these terms seems open to all. On the other hand, the brilliance within the traditional measures of poets as widely separated in time as Dafydd ap Gwilym (died about 1380) and R. Williams Parry (died January, 1956) suggests that such enforced intellectual discipline is not a hindrance but a necessity to the Welsh creative temper. Dr. Parry's book is an exact and learned account based on the discoveries made by Welsh scholars in the past half-century. Sir Idris Bell not only translates the book but contributes a substantial appendix of 125 pages on twentieth-century literature. It is unfortunate that most of the original Welsh verse quotations could not be included side by side with the English. Their omission leads to an occasional embarrassment when the author directs our attention to some felicity of technique and the illustrative quotation, given only in translation, fails to show the point referred to. The book is otherwise admirable as a work of reference.



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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

HOUSE IMPROVEMENT GRANTS

IT IS SOMETIMES possible to obtain what is called an improvement grant from the local authority to help with the cost of improving a house. It is a grant, not a loan, and will never have to be repaid so long as certain conditions are complied with. I am mentioning this subject now in the hope of saving you from a very common mistake. So often people do the work on the house—put in bathrooms, or electric light, or hot-water systems, or convert an old house into flats, or whatever it may be, and apply for the grant only after the work has been done. I must say it is a very natural thing to do. Unfortunately, even though the work is exactly what the Government and most local authorities are anxious to encourage, those who did it cannot be given the grant. They cannot because the Act of Parliament concerned makes it absolutely clear that the local authority must give its formal written approval before the work is even begun.

These improvement grants can be as much as half the cost of the work, up to a maximum grant of £400 a house. It is a pity to throw away any chance of receiving it. And yet so many people do this just because they do not go the right way about applying. The right thing to do is first to see the surveyor to the local authority; tell him in general terms what you propose to do. He will be able to tell you at once whether there is any prospect of his Council deciding to give you a grant. If his reply is generally favourable, the next step is to get plans prepared, estimates made, and then to put

in a formal application to the Council. If they agree that the work would qualify for a grant you can go ahead and have it done, in the knowledge that you will get back a good part of the cost of your improvements.

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Owing to the discovery of a new finishing process, suede shoes are now being made in pastel colours. This processed suede is colour-fast, it repels water, and resists dirt and rubbing and scuffing to a high degree. These shoes should soon be on sale all over the country at prices starting at 59s. a pair and going up to £8 8s. 0d. or £10 10s. 0d. for special designs. There will be a wide range in this material, including men's shoes, heavy golfing shoes, and bootees.

To keep these new suedes clean and in good condition you may have to forget some of the things you have been doing to ordinary suede, such as rubbing with a wire brush: that, in any case, according to the inventor of the new process, is terrible treatment for any suede, proofed or not. If the new proofed suede is dusty or slightly marked, all you have to do is to brush it clean with the softest possible brush: the experts recommend a baby's hair-brush. Most important, the suede should be dry before you brush it. If marks need removing use a soft, damp sponge, allow the suede to dry, and brush it.

Never remove little shine marks with even the finest grade of sandpaper: even too stiff a bristle

brush may 'drag' the proofed finish and spoil the effect.

ALICE HOOPER BECK

Three books devised for the entertainment of the youngest members of the family are *Watch with Mother*, edited by Freda Lingstrom (Publicity Products Limited, 5s.) and *Listen with Mother Tales* (numbers four and five in the series), edited by Jean Sutcliffe (Adprint, 2s. 6d. each).

Notes on Contributors

ALEC PETERSON, O.B.E. (page 235): Headmaster, Dover College, since 1954; Director-General, Information Services, Federation of Malaya, 1952-54; author of *100 Years of Education*

DESMOND DONNELLY (page 237): M.P. (Labour) for Pembroke; editor of *Town and Country Planning* 1946-49

SIR OLIVER FRANKS, G.C.M.G. (page 239): Chairman, Lloyds Bank; British Ambassador at Washington 1948-52

JOHN ALLEGRO (page 239): assistant lecturer in Comparative Semitic Philology, Manchester University

EUGENE J. McCARTHY (page 243): Member of the House of Representatives for the Fourth District of Minnesota

CECIL WOODHAM-SMITH (page 245): author of *The Reason Why, Florence Nightingale*, etc.

H. N. SOUTHERN (page 247): Senior Research Officer, Bureau of Animal Population, Oxford University

C. J. HAMSON (page 249): Professor of Comparative Law, Cambridge University

Crossword No. 1,346.

Double Six.

By Topher

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, February 23. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

Six letters of the alphabet in the across lights are subject to a constant substitution among themselves when referring to the down lights and, of course, vice versa, e.g., if the

letters were ABCDEG and the across to down substitution were A = E, B = C, C = D, D = A, E = G, G = B, then the across light CABBAGE would become DECCEBG for the purposes of down lights; similarly the down light CABBAGE would become BDGGDEA for the purposes of across lights.

For twelve of each of the across and down lights the true clue is a single word hidden in the apparent clue, which also contains the letters of the light itself, jumbled but consecutive. In these clues punctuation should be disregarded.

To simplify checking in the case of substituted letters, solvers are requested to enter in the diagram only the 'across' version.

CLUES—ACROSS

1. Publish praises about fuel (6).
7. Portrait or photograph of girl in endless trouble (9).
14. Balloon and gimp used for perfume (5).
15. Bottom or back to back (4).
16. Sarcastic on certain sound occasions (6).
19. He was asked why the devil he didn't march forward (7).
20. These dangers exist for a national serviceman (8).
21. Contrivances or backward old rams (6).
22. Quickly panic; it is lost; you'll have to strip (4).
24. Felspar—amount unknown, but certainly a bit valuable (5).
25. Indicates the dumps (4).
26. Show a very petty rotten spirit (7).
27. He shows displeasure about having been discharged and turned about (8).
28. Twin flights (5).
31. Constellation or Greek tragedy (5).
- 34 & 54. Polar defence? (8).
36. Old siren (6).
37. Bill turned up; found creeping on trees (6).
38. Ground for private purposes (3).
39. Those who tell lies in 9 (3).
41. No natives like containing spleen (6).
42. A Roman general was wearing new clothes when he beat them (6).
44. Where Voltaire found praises second-rate (9).
45. Of service, arboreally speaking, in riding horses or bicycles (6).
46. Less interesting form of commercial traveller (5).
48. Close column support (5).
49. A tremendous amount of old ammunition (5).
51. To mix a couple of gins is talking through your hat (7).
52. Disguise murder as accidental severe strain (8).
55. Grow reckless in urgent matters (4).
56. Chelsea buns eaten to suffocation point (4).
- 58 & 63. Made of iron; also fireproof (5).
59. See 27. 60 & 40. Wood or stone (7).
61. The flute was soft and complaining in her day (7).
62. Bugbear also gives mother a start (5).
65. Oven

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

for cored fruit (6).

67. Poison in following fashion in sound (9).

69. Maid or official (5).

70. Birds useful in the garden when decapitated (10).

DOWN

1. Daring to put into force (10).
2. In ten or twelve pages (7).
3. With acute understanding (15).
4. Artist ready to play ersatz compositions (5).
5. Grow ill (owls and insectivores included) (5).
6. Surveys (15).
7. Only just over eight gallons, so the ship failed to start (5).
8. Natural gift (11).
9. It's frightful to drink (5).
10. & 54. In certain circumstances do a stitch (6).
11. Counter a theory (relativity perhaps) (5).
12. Its use is exemplified in no small measure, (7).
13. To be specific there is no tax in it (9).
- 17 & 68. Grey-wether—and additionally in Paris it would be silk (6).
18. Objects of hoarding (14).
23. Gutter used in more angular roof structures (4).
29. Cliques converted in secret (8).
30. Pigments—for windows? (4).
32. Take liquid at each performance—through six intervals too (10).
33. A slang term for him (a liquid measure) (5).
34. Characteristic of the better (8).
35. Propose removal (5).
40. See 60. 42. See 66.
43. House constructed of brick? No, just the reverse (5).
47. Seaweed to back up the cat (6).
50. Project a piece of work (3).
51. Precipice ending under water (5).
53. The girl attracts late starters (5).
54. See 34 & 10. 55. Tenon (4).
57. Lost track (4).
58. Escape error by using old remedies (4).
63. See 58. 64. It cannot make right-angles (3).
- 66 & 42. Forces a change of address (6).
68. See 17.

Solution of No. 1,344

A	G	H	I	V	E	R	S	I	E	C	E	S
B	A	N	N	E	X	O	T	C	I	S	E	R
D	E	O	D	R	A	J	A	E	N	A	R	I
R	E	B	L	Y	C	A	L	E	M	I	N	
A	W	K	L	A	B	C	H	F	E	N	N	E
N	K	I	G	H	T	H	O	D	M	O	D	T
K	R	E	E	N	P	M	S	E	G	O		
W	O	D	E	R	S	A	T	M	E	T		
O	N	E	A	S	T	N	O	A	L	N	H	
R	I	L	O	S	O	N	R	R	L	A	T	
M	L	O	O	P	A	G	A	R	D	B	L	N
T	L	A	N	A	N	T	S	P	W	E	E	
S	A	E	E	N	R	S	N	T	S	A	W	L

In 10D, Z or S is acceptable

Prizewinners: 1st prize: John Emerson (left); 2nd prize: P. W. B. Denny (right); 3rd prize: M. R. Ridley (London, N.E.)

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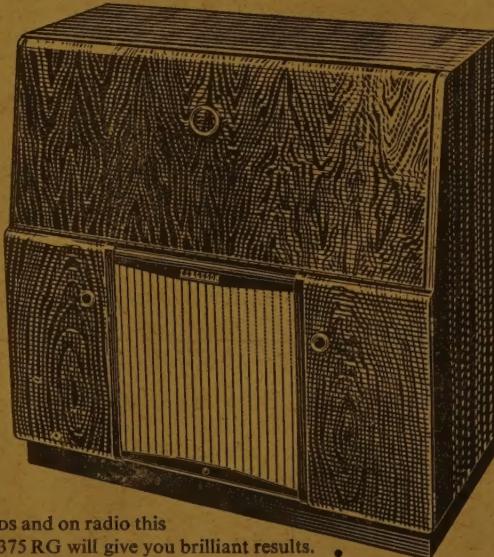
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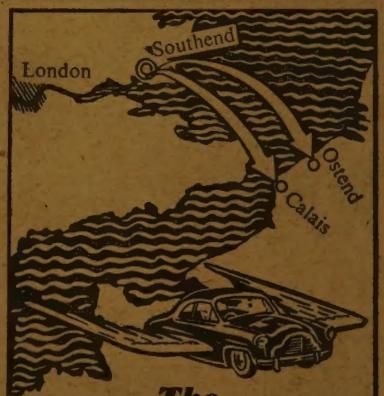
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